POVERTY AND WELFARE: An Inquiry

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Mr. Bevan and the Labour Leadership

THOSE who predict dire consequences to the Labour Party from Aneurin Bevan's resignation are misreading, in our opinion, both its significance and the motives which inspired it. This was not, as his enemies are so fond of shouting, the action of an ambitious careerist, ready to split the Party in a reckless bid for power. Indeed, if one thing is clear, it is that, by this impulsive gesture, Mr. Bevan has postponed—possibly for ever—his own chances of succeeding to the Socialist leadership. In Labour politics, loyalty to the team has always been regarded as the prime virtue, and resignation as a sign of irresponsibility. To resign once on a vital principle can be pardoned, if it achieves its object; but repetition very rapidly devalues the currency. If Mr. Bevan had really been plotting a *coup* against Mr. Attlee, he would have clung through thick and thin to his place in the party hierarchy. By returning to the back benches he has surrendered a strong tactical position at a moment when his personal prospects seemed more favourable than for many months.

Partly no doubt this sacrifice has been motivated by the streak of wilfulness which makes him such a difficult colleague. But Mr. Bevan's sudden reactions are nearly always based on a sound instinct. What will decide the destiny of the Labour Party in the years ahead is not the infighting and intrigues at Westminster, but the movement of public opinion outside, especially in the Unions and the constituency parties. Only from them, as Mr. Bevan sees, (and within a united Labour Party) can come the new Socialist dynamic which is needed to revitalise the Parliamentary Opposition.

Heaven knows, this revitalisation is urgently necessary. Ever since the deaths of Sir Stafford Cripps and Ernest Bevin, the Labour Party has lacked either strong leadership or a clear sense of direction. Partly this is due to the age of the Parliamentary front bench, composed largely of men who look back to their achievements in the last Labour Government and therefore think, not unnaturally, in terms not of a further advance to Socialism but of consolidation. This ageing leadership, which still firmly controls the political machine in Parliament and Transport House, is supported by a small group of very able young men, who have transformed the unenthusiastic caution of old age into an intellectual creed. Determined to rid the Labour Party of its "sentimentalism," "Utopianism" and "anti-Americanism," they feel far more affinity with Mr. Butler and Mr. Eden than with their Left-wing colleagues in Parliament. To borrow the language of the *Economist*, their aim has been to substitute Butskellism for Socialism, and Bipartisanship for Bevanism as the working programme of the next Labour Government.

The one obstacle to the achievement of this aim was, of course, the mental climate of the Labour Movement. Butskellism and Bipartisanship may be regarded at Westminster as responsible statesmanship, and their advocates applauded in *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* for their courageous realism. But they are instinctively and fiercely repudiated by the majority of the active workers in the constituency parties and the trade union branches. The U.S.D.A.W. and Co-op. Conferences are a portent of what is in store at Scarborough if an attempt is made to force German rearmament, or support for the Dulles line in South-East Asia, down the throats of the delegates to the Annual Conference.

Judging by Mr. Attlee's tactics during the last twelve months, we very much doubt whether the attempt will be made. Democracy has been at work inside the Labour Movement, and the official leadership has been forced to abandon one by one its prepared positions. Before Sir Winston Churchill made his peace initiative last May, the Labour front bench was adamantly opposed to Big Three talks. Now, in response to an overwhelming demand from below, Mr. Attlee chides Sir Winston for failing to press for them. A year ago, cuts in the burden of the Defence programme and the term of National Service were denounced as Bevanism. Now they form part of official Labour policy, and are supported, in a muffled voice, by the Shadow Cabinet. In brief, the Labour Party is being led from behind, and it is this which makes it appear such an ineffective and divided Opposition.

Mr. Bevan's resignation will considerably increase this pressure from behind. In any other party, it would also increase the dangers of a split. But the Labour Party—as Mr. Bevan knows full well—never forgives a splitter. To retain the confidence of the rank-and-file, for whom he can now speak freely, he must make himself responsible for preserving party unity, even if this means forgoing any personal victory. Already, since his departure from the Shadow Cabinet, his colleagues have begun to borrow his ideas in order to forestall his attacks; when Parliament resumes next week they will go much further in resisting the Dulles line than they were prepared to go even ten days ago. And this process is likely to continue. In their efforts to keep control of the Labour Party, Mr. Bevan's opponents will adopt most of Bevanism—always a little too late and always with bad grace.

The Mind of Mr. Dulles

The series of statements made by Mr. Nixon and Mr. Dulles on the problem of Indo-China were clearly intended to persuade anti-Communist Senators that the Administration will concede nothing at Geneva, not even to Britain and France, whose desire for peace in Indo-China Mr. Nixon attributes to "domestic weakness." The State Department has even issued a document formally accusing China of aggression in Indo-China, though, evidence for evidence and date for date, it would be at least as easy to argue that American technical aid (culminating in the great air-lift from France and Africa) constitutes—more than Chinese backing for the Viet-Minh—real intervention. In any event, Mr. Dulles goes to Geneva on Monday with his mind made up. He did not want the conference in the first place; now that he has been forced to attend it, he will make a farcical pretence at negotiation—just enough to convince America's allies, in Mr. Nixon's phrase, of its "futility," and to permit him to claim that a final attempt to talk business with the Communists has been made before the new Asian alliance begins its "united action." There have been many suggestions recently in Washington that the stalemate in Korea followed inevitably from the restraints forced on MacArthur by America's allies. Now, Mr. Dulles is implying, the pattern is being repeated. That is why he has been trying to get advance agreement from Britain and France to a virtual ultimatum.

The weakness of this policy is not concealed by the braggadocio. "Massive retaliation" is no answer to local wars and rebellions, as Mr. Nixon—who so recently praised the "New Look Strategy" as the alternative to squandering ground troops—has now conceded by his admission that "hypothetically" he would support the despatch of U.S. units to Indo-China. Either, in the last resort, Mr. Dulles is willing to start an atomic war, or he is bluffing. Both alternatives are dangerous. The refusal to recognise Peking and the rejection in advance of any possible compromise, must wreck whatever chance there may have been of agreement at Geneva. Mr. Dulles has, in effect, made a prior announcement that there will be no Indo-Chinese armistice, not because one cannot be worked out between the belligerents on terms that Britain and France would endorse, but because no armistice would be acceptable to the U.S. Administration and to Congress.

France and Geneva

In Paris the view is growing that the urgency of Mr. Dulles's demands for "united action" is due to the fact that, during General Ely's visit to Washington, the American Chiefs of Staff belatedly realised, for the first time, the full facts about the military situation in Indo-China. General Ely is believed to have admitted that Viet-Minh regular strength had been grossly under-estimated in Paris; that the fighting round Dien Bien Phu had disproved the assumption (on which the Navarre plan was based) that Giap's forces would be destroyed if they could be brought to action; and that the effort required to sustain General Castries had seriously weakened French strength in the Tonkin Delta. Be this the explanation or not, the portent of a Geneva Conference dominated by the U.S. is alarming both to French public opinion and to the Cabinet. Many of his colleagues bitterly resent the promise which M. Bidault made to Mr. Dulles at Bermuda, that France would not negotiate directly with Ho Chi Minh; and General de Gaulle has been hinting that the Gaullist Ministers might resign unless France went to Geneva "uncommitted." Whether the French Government, increasingly dependent on Washington for military aid, can preserve at Geneva the "freedom of negotiation" promised by M. Laniel to the Assembly, remains to be seen. American pressure will be heavy; and it is observed with uneasiness in Paris that the Vietnamese delegation to Geneva will be accompanied by Mr. Heath, the U.S. Consul-General at Saigon, whose role, it is suspected in Paris, will be to ensure that Viet Nam plays the part of an "independent" State at the Conference—under American tutelage.

Colonel Nasser's Triumph

The formal approval by President Neguib last week-end of the new Egyptian Cabinet is highly significant. It marks the end of the chain of reactions set up by the arrest and subsequent reinstatement of General Neguib six weeks ago. Now, the General pleading his recent breakdown of health has announced that he is unable to shoulder the responsibilities of the Premiership and wishes to devote himself in future solely to the Presidency. Thus Colonel Nasser is the undisputed Premier and the power lies with him. He is probably the ablest as well as the most determined member of the Revolutionary Council, and it may be that he has a chance of making as big an impact on the Middle East as Kemal Pasha did, 30 years ago. Britain can do a good deal, by the reasonableness or otherwise of its approach to the Treaty negotiations, to determine whether Nasser's regime can survive and whether it can develop into an instrument of genuine liberation. On his side, Nasser has to remember that, although he cannot survive unless he succeeds in ending the British occupation, even more important in the long run is to remodel the social system which, in a wealthy country, has kept nine-tenths of the Egyptian people in barely human conditions of poverty. The appointment of one of the senior members of the Revolutionary Council, Wing Commander Boghdady, to the Ministry of Municipal and Rural Affairs suggests that the new regime intends to accellerate land and local government reform.

The Petrov Case

Little notice is likely to be taken anywhere of the various Soviet explanations, demands, and protests in the Petrov case. The first Russian story was that Petrov was kidnapped by the Australians; his wife was told that he was dead. Moscow now demands that he be repatriated to Russia as a criminal who has stolen Embassy funds, forged documents, and made baseless statements about a Russian spy ring in Australia. The fact, however, seems to be that the Petrov case is closely parallel with that of Gouzenko, the code clerk who revealed the details of the Soviet spy ring in Canada, and made clear to all other Governments the extent to which ambassadorial immunity can cover illegal activities. Nor can we see that the Australian Government has behaved in any way improperly about Mrs. Petrov. After the scene at Mascot airport, Mr. Menzies was surely right to give her the opportunity of speaking to her husband on the telephone, and freely deciding whether or not she wished to stay in Australia (Mrs. Petrov, incidentally, had herself been a cypher clerk in the Embassy, serving under her husband when he was M.V.D. chief). It happens that these dramatic events come just before the general election, and that they will probably act as a "Red Letter," and prove greatly to the advantage of Mr. Menzies.

Labour and Transport

The Labour Party's new pamphlet, *British Transport,* reads, till near the end, more like an official report on the working of transport services under national ownership than like party propaganda; but it is none the worse for that. It is a solid account of the advantages secured through co-ordinated operation within each of the main branches of transport and of the steps that were being taken, till the Tories interrupted them, towards the second and greater objective of unification between these branches. It makes out a thoroughly convincing case under both heads. Having done this, it goes on to declare unequivocally that the next Labour Government will re-nationalise road haulage, on terms which will not allow the firms that have bought back assets from the Tories to reap a second profit at the public expense; that the power to make schemes for passenger road transport and to purchase private concerns in this branch of transport will be restored: and that, if the Tories make a mess of the unified railway service under the cloak of decentralisation, the mess will be duly unscrambled. It is agreed, incidentally, that some decentralisation is needed, and would have been brought about by the Railway Executive without legislation, if the Executive had been left in being. The main burden of the pamphlet is that there is no possibility of creating an efficient, low-cost system of transport without unification of road and rail services, on terms which will allow a common service to be offered, with the choice of means in the hands of the transport agency. It is cogently argued that no less comprehensive arrangement will get rid of the tendency for road services to cream the traffic. The pamphlet also proposes, in some form not fully defined, to impose restrictions on the granting of C licences, probably by restrictions on distance—a proposal which was dropped at the last moment from the Nationalisation Act of 1947. Taken as a whole, the proposals made constitute a good, forthright declaration of intentions well backed up by argument which should be convincing to all who are not partisans of private enterprise on principle, and at any cost to the public.

Authors and Publishers

On April 14, *The Times* published a challenging letter from an eminent group of writers, representing the Society of Authors. They protested against an attempt by the Publishers' Association to induce all its members to demand, in all contracts with new authors, "a substantial share" of their earnings from film, dramatic, broadcasting, TV, and other subsidiary rights. They declare that this attempt threatens "to end the independence, not only of British authors, but of British publishers," and to set up a "single authoritarian control" of literature. This letter makes—and overstates—an important point. The Authors are right in holding that every author should make an individual, not a stereotyped, contract with his publisher; that publishers, in demanding a share in *all* these subsidiary rights, are going beyond their proper claim to share the proceeds of all the *written* words they publish; and that new authors, anxious to get their books published, may be induced by such concerted agreements among publishers to sign unfavourable contracts. Happily, however, the situation is not as menacing as this letter from the Society of Authors suggests. First, it is not true that the Publishers' Association is a "monopoly." There are, in fact, large and small publishing firms outside it. Secondly, they are scarcely fair to the Publishers in suggesting that they are fleecing a new author if they ask for ten per cent. of, perhaps, quite unexpected film rights from a book which they ran considerable risk in publishing. Thirdly, they greatly exaggerate the cohesion and discipline of the publishers, who are merely looking for ways of increasing profits in a financially difficult period. Of course, the individual publisher is *supposed* to obey the resolutions of the Publishers' Association, but in point of fact no author who is either established or, if new, well advised, is, in this country, likely to fail to find a publisher because he insists on going to an agent for his "subsidiary rights."

PARIS

The Ethics of the "Europeans"

Our Paris Correspondent writes: While all eyes were turned on Indo-China—and Mr. Dulles—the "Europeans" took the opportunity to stage a preliminary skirmish over E.D.C. M. Bidault played his cards with considerable skill. On the morning of Monday, April 12, he called a Cabinet meeting, at one hour's notice, to authorise the signature of the Anglo-French military convention. The time was well chosen: Parliament was in recess and many Ministers were out of town. Although the Quai d'Orsay had received the final text of the guarantees 12 days previously, "Anti" and "Neutral" Ministers were given only an hour to study it before the meeting began. The idea, clearly, was to force the seven Gaullist Ministers to resign; indeed, when they protested at the way the meeting was being handled, M. Teitgen, the M.R.P. president, underlined the point by remarking acidly: "Then you should follow the normal constitutional course."

But M. Bidault made one major miscalculation. He had assumed that only the Gaullists would provide strong opposition; but in fact a number of other Ministers objected violently to his tactics. Immediately after the meeting, two Independent Ministers informed M. Laniel that they would follow suit if the Gaullists resigned over this issue. Even more unexpected was the reaction of the Radicals. M. Edgar Faure has been openly hostile to E.D.C. since the last Party congress; so, since the declaration of Marshal Juin, has M. Martinaud-Déplat. But the letter of protest which the Radical Ministers sent to M. Laniel after the meeting included not merely their signatures but those of M. André Marie, a confirmed "Neutral," and M. Emile Hughes, the principal lieutenant of M. René Mayer, who leads the "European" faction in the Party. This letter made it clear that the Radicals considered the British guarantees to be insufficient, and that the Government could not proceed to fix a date for the E.D.C. debate on the assumption that this precondition had been fulfilled. Naturally, the letter had a profound effect on M. Laniel, whose principal concern throughout was to preserve his Government intact. His first reaction was to propose a preliminary debate on the guarantees. This would have been highly satisfactory to the Gaullists, since it would have enabled many "Neutrals" to kill the Treaty without actually having to vote against it. But for the same reason it was unacceptable to the M.R.P., who threatened to resign in a body.

Eventually, at a further Cabinet meeting on Thursday, both sides compromised by agreeing to ask the Assembly, on May 18, to fix a date for the ratification debate. This decision, by laying down some sort of deadline, satisfied M. Bidault. It also satisfied the Gaullists, since it will enable the Assembly to refuse even to debate E.D.C. unless the Saar agreement has been drawn up by this date—and the negotiations are now in a state of total deadlock. Secondly, since any sort of compromise with the Gaullists on the basis of an "alternative solution" is now out of the question, he has to make certain of maximum Socialist support. M. Mollet has arranged to call a special Party congress which could threaten to expel Socialist deputies who vote against E.D.C., once the Socialist preconditions—Anglo-American guarantees and the provision of "democratic political control"—have been fulfilled. Last week he announced that he is "satisfied" on the first score, but he is likely to be more demanding on the second. M. Bidault's next move will probably be to get the six Governments concerned to issue a declaration which can be interpreted as the first step towards the evolution of a political community. But to make its text sufficiently vague to satisfy the Germans and sufficiently precise to satisfy the French Socialists will be difficult

Poverty and Welfare

I. The Secret Poor

[*We print below the first of a series of articles by Norman MacKenzie, in which he describes a recent investigation of poverty and social welfare in industrial Lancashire. Each of the personal examples is factual, but identities have been disguised to avoid embarrassing the individuals concerned.*]

Fifty years ago, destitution was an endemic disease. Neither prophylactic charity nor the official remedies of the Poor Law could cure those whom Jack London called the People of the Abyss: one family in three, Charles Booth discovered in his pioneering survey, was living in the hunger and squalor of poverty. Even twenty years ago, there were miners in the gutters of Oxford Street and hunger marchers converging on Hyde Park. More than two million families struggled along on the dole or whatever relief the Means Test Man allowed them. Yet, in these years, as Lord Beveridge wrote in his 1942 Report, "want was a needless scandal . . . its abolition . . . was easily within the economic resources of the community."

Have we now, after fourteen years of full employment and eight of the Welfare State, succeeded where we failed in the past? Have we fulfilled the war-time promise of "freedom from want"? The complacent answer would be that we have. No one would deny that there has been an immense improvement since 1939; the statistics seem to confirm the evidence of our eyes that, as a nation, we are better fed and clothed than ever before; and we have extended the coverage of social insurance and created a unified and humane system of National Assistance. Today, surely, there should be no "lower depths" in Britain.

Unfortunately, complacency is not justified. Poverty persists in our Welfare State, and in the last year it has been increasing. The reason why it is more difficult to detect than before the war is that mass unemployment, concentrated in the mining and heavy industrial areas, is no longer its main cause. When George Orwell took the road to Wigan Pier, the poor walked the cobbled streets or queued for the dole: now, as I found recently in St. Helens, on the road to Wigan, they sit behind lace curtains, in back kitchens or lodgings, lie sick, or try to feed and clothe a large family on wages that barely pay for the essentials of life. Poverty today is more secret than sensational.

It is not difficult to find people who, despite full employment and social security, are very poor, though it is much harder to tell how many of them there are, or to measure what effect the "Beveridge" legislation has had on them. Nobody really knows. Between 1929 and 1939, at least ten large-scale social surveys were conducted in some of our biggest cities. Each of them showed that about one family in five—perhaps as many as eight or nine million men, women and children in Britain as a whole—

lived below "minimum" standards of nutrition, clothing and housing. Since the war, there has been only one survey that is at all comparable: it was carried out in York in 1950 by Mr. Rowntree and Commander Lavers,* and its conclusions were widely quoted as proof that we had virtually eliminated poverty. In 1936, Mr. Rowntree had shown that even in York, a relatively prosperous town, 17,000 people, or 17 per cent. of the York population, were below his "poverty-line." In 1950, his estimate was down to 1,700 or only 1.7 per cent.

Even four years ago—a good year, and probably the post-war peak of income redistribution—this was probably too optimistic. Mr. Rowntree's test of poverty was so stringent that it undoubtedly excluded many people who were experiencing actual hardship or want. Since then, the situation has certainly changed for the worse. The price of food, on which as much as half the income of the poorest people is spent, has risen sharply; the poor do not pay income tax, so tax-cuts do not offset for them the reductions in food subsidies. Welfare benefits, and especially pensions, have fallen farther below the "subsistence-level": and, the most significant of the danger signals, the number of people receiving National Assistance has risen by more than half a million.

We face what Lord Beveridge has called the "Year of Decision" for the social services with far too little knowledge of the most fundamental social problem—poverty. In debating both the cost and the shape of our social services, we have to rely on abstract arguments and wholly inadequate statistics. Our data on the number and the distribution of low incomes—below, say, £350 a year—is almost useless: the totals are, in any case, residual, and they do not tell us how many of these incomes are received by women and juveniles and how many are those of sole wage earners in a family. Nor do they show any relationship between these incomes and the size of the families receiving them. Much of our information about living conditions or, more important, the spending habits of poorer people, is either highly localised or out of date; until the results of the official Household Expenditure Enquiry are published, probably in 1955, our ideas about the way families actually spend their income, of the proportions devoted to food, rent, clothing, entertainment, furniture and so forth, continues to be based very largely on sample budgets collected before the war. Yet papers published by the Oxford Institute of Statistics suggest that there have been very great changes in spending habits.

When, therefore, I went to Lancashire, I was anxious to find tentative answers to a number of questions that can, of course, only be answered fully by an elaborate social survey. What, for instance, accounts for the great improvement since 1939? Is it due, primarily, to full employment rather than to our system of social security? What kind of people are now in poverty; and why has the Welfare State failed to guarantee them "freedom from want"? What difference has recent legislation made to the old, the sick, the unemployed, the wage earners with several children to support? Is the social security system flexible enough to adapt itself to changing social needs? Are we doing enough to ensure a minimum standard of life for those in adversity? Finally, a question we are bound to ask, what will happen if an economic recession throws a sudden and additional strain on the Welfare State?

I chose to ask my questions in St. Helens. Though the borough never fell to the depths plumbed by towns like Dowlais and Jarrow, it was always depressed. It never had less than 7,000 unemployed in the Thirties—one worker in six—and it had notoriously bad housing conditions, an infant mortality rate that varied from seventy to ninety-four per thousand, and one child in ten went to school under-nourished. Here, if anywhere, the gains of the last fifteen years should be real and visible; here, too, one should find such poverty as persists. It might differ in degree, but its pattern at least should be the same as it is in Hull, Halifax and Hammersmith.

In subsequent articles, I shall describe that pattern. There is, however, one general conclusion that commands so much agreement among public officials and social workers that I must report it at the outset. The overwhelming reason why mass poverty has been abolished—and why poverty today is primarily due to old age and incapacity—is full employment. Perhaps this point is obvious. But I stress it because, in congratulating ourselves on the success of the Welfare State, we may easily forget just how vulnerable it is, just how much depends on our ability to keep unemployment below half a million and to ensure that no worker is long without a job. It is a fine thing to have a Health Service, comprehensive social insurance, and a unified and humane system of National Assistance, as well as a wide range of lesser and specialised services. Yet these services have, on the whole, worked well just because full employment created the favourable conditions in which they could work. What matters most is regular and good earnings; these are the source of good clothes, adequate meals and decently furnished homes, of holidays, beer, cigarettes and entertainment—all the personal amenities that lift life above the struggle to exist. If, in a town such as St. Helens, there is no naked poverty today, it is because less than fifteen hundred men and women are workless at any time, and because there are often two and even three wage earners in a family. "Put unemployment up to the pre-war level," said one borough official, "or even to the level on which Beveridge based his 1942 calculations, and none of our social services or benefits would prevent widespread hardship and malnutrition."

It is no answer to this anxiety to say that mass unemployment is unlikely to recur, or that, if it does, National Assistance will make up the deficiency of the social insurance benefits, some of which in terms of real income are below their 1938 level. For, in the first place, a recession caused by our inability to pay for imports cannot be cured simply by stimulating demand with bigger doles and pensions. Secondly, if unemployment did begin to increase rapidly, both the finance of National Insurance and the machinery of National Assistance would break down—at the moment when they were most needed. If, finally, we are told that "freedom from want" is ultimately to depend on National Assistance, then it is fair to say that our social security system is already failing in its purpose. For, according to the Beveridge scheme, it was intended to be self-supporting: National Assistance was to play a diminishing part in it. On the contrary, without the continued extension of National Assistance, there would be no social security at all for those who need it most.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Poverty and the Welfare State. By S. ROWNTREE and G. S. LAVERS. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

The Oppenheimer Case

(By Our American Correspondent)

IT is shocking that J. Robert Oppenheimer, an eminent and respected physicist, with a long record of outstanding service to his country, should be dragged through the mud, but it is not surprising. For it is now clear that nobody in this country is beyond the reach of smear by investigation. It is only a couple of months since Earl Warren was subjected to these indignities while awaiting confirmation of his nomination as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court; and, if the Chief Justice can be exposed to these types of "clearance" procedures, then anybody can.

Yet the Oppenheimer case does mark a new, frightening stage in the sordid history of the manipulation of mutual mistrust which has typified the conduct of public affairs here since the war. For the first time it has been clearly enunciated in the official charges that to have advocated a policy which was not subsequently adopted, or to have opposed a policy which was subsequently adopted, *post hoc* casts suspicion on the person who did the advocating or opposing, even if his advice had been sought in the first place. This is made clear in the official letter of December 23, 1953, and now released, to Dr. Oppenheimer from General K. D. Nichols, general manager of the Atomic Energy Commission, in which he was informed of the charges against him. The relevant section runs:

> It was reported in 1945 you expressed the view that "there is a reasonable possibility that it (the hydrogen bomb) can be made," but that the feasibility of the hydrogen bomb did not appear, on theoretical grounds, as certain as the fission bomb appeared certain, on theoretical grounds, when the Los Alamos laboratory was started . . .
>
> It was further reported that in the autumn of 1949, and subsequently, you strongly opposed the development of the hydrogen bomb (1) on moral grounds, (2) by claiming that it was not feasible, (3) by claiming that there were insufficient facilities and scientific personnel to carry on the development and (4) that it was not politically desirable.
>
> It was further reported that even after it was determined, as a matter of national policy, to proceed with the development of a hydrogen bomb, you continued to oppose the project and declined to co-operate fully in the project.

This section of the letter then concludes by implying that Dr. Oppenheimer attempted to sabotage the project by dissuading scientists from working on it, and, in fact, had succeeded in delaying its development.

Levelling this charge, particularly the first part of it—but the accusers are, of course, driven by this to the second part—is using exactly the same methods that have been used in the Soviet Union. In that country, policy planners identified with a thesis not conforming to the current line have been purged time and time again. It is ironic that these methods should be adopted in a country which sets itself up as offering the world an opposing, and superior, form of government. This approach has been implicit in a number of previous investigations and ousters, particularly in connection with China policy. But this is the first time it has been put down in black and white. The reason for this would seem to be that all the other charges against Dr. Oppenheimer are concerned with Leftist associations in the 1930s, most of which had been previously aired and many of which Dr. Oppenheimer had freely admitted; they had already been taken into account in the several different clearances he had actually received. In any case, any doubts about the influence of Dr. Oppenheimer's so-called undesirable associational past have been completely swept away by his subsequent performance. More than any other individual, he was responsible for the development of the atom bomb. His years of devoted service have contributed to the might and power of his country to a degree greater than all but a few of his fellow citizens. It would be difficult to convince the thinking public in this case that doubtful connections 15 years ago automatically disqualify this man from public service at the present time. Yet this type of "logic" has been pressed by the witch-hunters in many other less eminent cases. The potency of all smear tactics would be diminished if the public were allowed to recognise that an individual's political follies of a former time do not necessarily prevent him from rendering signal service to his country later on. So this new charge against Dr. Oppenheimer had to be added as a cover. With it, the degeneration of political liberty in America went one stage further.

The second point to note in the Oppenheimer affair is that Senator Joseph R. McCarthy had no hand in its instigation. The investigation was initiated within the Administration itself. This should dispel once and for all the notion held by some easy-going, liberal-minded folk here that, if McCarthy and a few of his henchmen could in some way be eliminated or stultified, the whole problem of the attack on civil liberties could be licked. Although McCarthy did not start this investigation, he will undoubtedly attempt to get in on the act. A week prior to the news of it becoming public, he had already referred darkly to "subversive delays" in hydrogen bomb development. This would lend weight to Senator Fulbright's fears that confidential Executive documents are not safe from the prying eyes of McCarthy's spies. Indeed, it was because Dr. Oppenheimer's attorneys had word that details of the affair had leaked to McCarthy and others that they advised Dr. Oppenheimer to release the charges and his reply to the press. In this way it was hoped to forestall the Senator in his rumoured plans to break the news himself in his inimitable one-sided fashion. They felt it better that both sides of the question be presented to the public at the same time before opinion had solidified on the basis of the charges alone. McCarthy would love to stir up passions over this case in order to take the spotlight off the investigation of his brush with the Army, which is just getting under way.

The final point of theoretical moment demonstrated by the Oppenheimer charges is the clear-cut reversal of a fundamental tenet of Anglo-Saxon judicial procedure—namely, that a defendant is innocent until proved guilty. A trend towards the reversal of this tenet has been discernible in many subversion cases before; but rarely has it been so explicitly asserted as in the following passage in the official letter from General Nichols:

> In view of your access to highly sensitive classified information and in view of these allegations, which *until disproved* raise questions as to your veracity, conduct and even your loyalty, the Commission has no other recourse . . . (my italics).

The Oppenheimer case has shocked broader sections of the American thinking public than any previous case. There are at last signs that some awareness is growing of the dangers and insanities of a security system which, if carried to its extreme, will mean that there will be security for none. Of course the scientific world has sprung to the defence of Dr. Oppenheimer. They know that an attack on him is an attack on them and an attack on unfettered thought everywhere. The list of names of outstanding scientists who have made public statements in his defence is long and includes Dr. I. I. Rabi, Nobel Prize physicist, Dr. Harold C. Urey, Nobel Prize chemist, and Dr. Vannevar Bush, war-time head of the Office of Scientific Research and Development. The trustees of the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, N.J., of which Dr. Oppenheimer is currently the director, have issued a statement of confidence in him. The former chairmen of the Atomic Energy Commission, David E. Lilienthal and Gordon Dean, are appearing as defence witnesses at the security hearings.

Whatever the outcome of those hearings, the confidence of America's intellectuals and scientists in J. Robert Oppenheimer's unusual gifts, his inquiring mind, and the future contributions he will undoubtedly make to the advancement of thought and science, will not be shaken. The United States Administration may be denied his services, but they will be the losers, not he. For, not only will they be without the advice of the man who gave them many of the secrets to which they now say he may not have access, but many other scientists will be discouraged from working for them and the best brains in the nation will be isolated from their Government.

New York, April.

London Diary

I spent the Easter days in one of the loveliest coves in Cornwall. A mountain torrent cascades down to a tiny harbour; a grove of ash trees follows its course, and, on both sides, high cliffs, covered with gorse, daffodil fields, bluebells and bracken, rise up to fine stretches of rough moorland walking. For some odd reason (I surmise a survival of a Spring festival, originally involving human sacrifice!) this peaceful place is invaded on Good Fridays by a great swarm of hikers from the neighbourhood. It is an unexplained tradition that this is the place where one should get drunk on Good Friday night. For the rest of the week-end the bay is full of ordinary trippers who arrive by car and charabanc. It is a strange but useful fact that even on Bank Holidays, if you take a step off the high road anywhere and avoid famous "beauty spots," you can find yourself alone. The sharpest distinction in our society is between people whose idea of a good time is being in a crowd, and those who prefer even their friends in small doses. Someone (I think Joad) called this division of holiday-makers the "drainage system." After the week-end you can again have the cove to yourself. The only difference is that the main route along which the visitors have tramped is thickly strewn with discarded cigarette cartons, newspapers, sweet wrappings, orange peel and banana skins. In some parts of the country, such as Hyde Park, I see that statisticians have been watching the litter being discarded, and working out the ratio of cigarette packets to chocolate papers. Sermons are preached on the wireless and elsewhere about litter, and everyone is properly shocked, even though they will themselves go and contribute to the mess next Bank Holiday. Why does it not occur to any of the local authorities, who have severe bye-laws on the subject, to appoint overseers, carrying a badge of authority, to go around civilly requesting people who throw their rubbish on the ground to pick it up again, or, alternatively, to supply their names and addresses, in which case they will be fined in a police court? I believe that any authority that was willing to risk unpopularity by doing this for a single year would set an example which would soon be followed throughout England, and that the tide of litter would recede. It is one of those comparatively little problems about which there is so much general agreement that local enforcement would soon be followed by voluntary obedience.

One day, leaning over the harbour wall, I noticed quite a long way out to sea some small creature swimming towards the land. It could not be a fish, for fishes do not swim along on the surface, nor do birds as a rule remain half submerged. It was making frantic efforts, and when it got close I saw it was helping itself along with flippers. It landed, apparently exhausted, and very clumsily, looking exactly like a pelican with its black sleek head, white belly and wings that only moved like flippers. It stayed so still that I decided to climb down and look at it. To my surprise it allowed me to pick it up in my hands. Next day I made inquiries and learnt that it was a typical case of a guillemot "oiled up." I saw quite a flock of them at the "Birds' Hospital" at Mousehole, which was started as a small private venture some 25 years ago by the two Yglesias sisters. Though they are now helped by the R.S.P.C.A., they still spend their whole lives looking after birds found maimed or disabled on the shore. Among their hospital patients I saw a puffin, a shag, a fulmar (a rarity in Cornwall), and even a Great Northern Diver. It is only a few weeks since I heard Ludwig Koch's broadcast of the Northern Divers' banshee howls; he had journeyed to their breeding place in Iceland to record it. He could have got his recordings equally well in this little attic room in Cornwall! When encouraged by conversation and having the back of his neck ruffled with a bit of stick, he was quite willing to oblige with his weird cry. The next day, cleaned, refreshed and rested, the Northern Diver was carried in a basket down to the shore and took to the water again as if nothing had been wrong. But how soon he will again dive through a film of oil is anyone's guess.

* * *

This oiling is a cruel and difficult problem. I am glad to hear that the Ministry of Transport has arranged another international conference on the subject in the near future. It is urgent. I gather that this year's reports are more menacing than they have ever been before. In this way scores of sea birds die slowly every week, and it is now happening on every coast line. No one can calculate where the oil deposits will drift; sooner or later, wherever oil is discharged in the sea, it is carried by some current and deposited on some shore. Often it arrives in the shape of tar which sticks to the persons of happy holiday-makers who sit on the beach or are bold enough to bathe. The interests of humanitarians and bird lovers are here united with those of holiday-makers, hotel keepers and local authorities of coastal towns. I doubt whether a convention not to discharge oil within a certain distance of any shore is a solution. (Today there is an "understanding" among the Powers about a limit of 50 miles.) Alternative proposals include an arrangement for a discharge of oil in specially constructed harbours and the provision of oil separators on all boats. The last of these proposals would, of course, be expensive, but not so expensive surely as the oiling up of all the Atlantic coast.

* * *

High and alone on the cliff amongst the gorse and bracken we came upon an odd building, half shed and half cottage. The owner had cleared some of the ground of gorse and boulders and was planning to grow potatoes, daffodils and all the usual early crops of Cornwall. He was painting his house, and his wife was busy inside. They are both middle-aged and remarkably happy. "I mean to do everything slowly, and bit by bit," he said. "It may be some time before much is growing here, but the planning and doing are most of the fun, don't you think?" Here is the genuine "simple life"; they prefer to do everything themselves (I shouldn't). I was reminded of a conversation with an able and intelligent American lady here not long ago. She pointed out that English women do much more of their own cooking than Americans. "Why," she said to my friend who was getting an evening meal, "I should never have the time or patience for that kind of thing. I can put a meal ready cooked straight on to the table in five minutes after I get back from my classes." My friend asked what kind of classes she attended. "Oh, I'm doing ceramics," she said, "I'm learning to make pots. It is so enjoyable doing things with your hands." I don't think it had occurred to her as ironic that she should be learning to do by hand something that has been done mechanically for several thousand years, while praising the advantages of mechanised cooking, though that too is an art. Some day she will notice that a dinner cooked by hand may be at least as superior to a mass-produced dinner as a hand-made jug is to one mechanically produced! It is an odd picture if you come to think of it. Most of us spend our time making money by jobs we dislike in order to be able to save ourselves the labour of doing the things that we should enjoy doing!

* * *

I am usually in Covent Garden in the morning. Not, as the song suggests, before going to bed, but merely on my way to the office. The walk takes a little longer by way of Long Acre than by the Strand, because one has to look slippy to avoid knocking into men with baskets on their heads, or being run into by lorries backing on to the pavement. But the crowd is always fun and full of argument; here are the first batches of each new fruit, and I try to name the varieties of apple as they roll unheeded into the gutter. The traffic block on one recent morning was the most fantastic I'd ever seen. The barrows as well as the lorries were stuck and had already been stationary, the drivers told me, for twenty minutes. All work seemed at a full stop. The cause was a still figure lying in the middle of the road, badly injured, I deduced from the fact that the police were making sure no one moved him. How an ambulance ever got there through the solid traffic I don't know. Once more I asked myself how a great city can go on accepting so ludicrous a situation. Every day hundreds, indeed thousands, of men and motor and horse hours are wasted by the extraordinary system which plants a market of perishable goods, which must all be got away as quickly as possible, in narrow streets, in the very middle of this vast city. This is one of those symbolic problems. Everybody has agreed for a generation that something must be done; Commissions and Committees have sat and reported; technical difficulties and vested interests have always proved too strong. The House of Commons could pass a Bill to pull down the Adelphi Terrace—one of the glories of British architecture—so that someone could make money building one of the most hideous structures in London, but no one can act about Covent Garden. We waited for the bombs; Hitler let us down by not doing the job thoroughly. So Covent Garden was rehabilitated, in the hope, presumably, that the hydrogen bomb would be more effective.

* * *

Even on a holiday from newspaper reading, I could not quite escape knowing that Nye Bevan had been throwing his weight about. But it wasn't until I read *The Times'* comment on Wednesday morning that I realised what a mess he had made of his critics. His past resignations have been ascribed to the *folie de grandeur* of a revolutionary whose views the solid Labour Party would never heed. In vain some of us who were interested in political issues rather than personalities said that, whatever Nye was after, he spoke for a large part of Labour. Now—would you believe it?—*The Times,* discovering that his heresies may soon be orthodoxies, says that "the division on German rearmament is in fact a healthy one"; and, noting that Mr. Robens (no political buddy of Nye) agrees with him, comments: "It becomes very difficult for Mr. Bevan to pose as the only keeper of the party's conscience." Odd. I had always thought that was the role of the NEW STATESMAN.

CRITIC

PERSONAL

"It would not be right in present circumstances . . . to increase the parliamentary salary. There is no doubt, however, that many Honourable Members are oppressed by serious difficulties."—The Prime Minister, April 14.

EX-MINISTER not social snob wd consider part-time job lack of means embarrassing wd do almost anything.

CHURCHILL'S Memoirs, dress-sword, Stubbs, Encyclopædia, set of clubs, M.P. forced to sacrifice. Will collector name a price?

FEMALE M.P., good at knitting, Parliamentary calls permitting wd consider baby-sitting.

M.P. (Tory but no bore) used to making Commons roar spare-time paid engagements seeking available for public speaking.

WILL philanthropic family take highly civilised M.P.? Social intercourse arranged mutual refs to be exchanged.

M.P. safe seat, wd like to meet congenial widow or spinster willing to pair with cash to spare and hse or flat in Westminster.

WHEN to your M.P. you write, think of his financial plight. Correspondents will he hopes all enclose stamped envelopes.

M.P. City or West End public banquets will attend always willing to repeat after-dinner speech (must eat).

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
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There's no doubt about it, the debutante of the nineteen-fifties has a harder life than most people imagine. Although (as a debutante was recently heard to remark) "Culture's the top thing really, and let's face it, that's a tiny bit of a bore," it isn't possible to devote the whole day to that.—*Housewife.* (A. E. Towers.)

A strip cartoon team required, director, script writer, and artist; must be first-class and fully experienced, of quick mind and considerable wit; the object being to illustrate main political trends and Biblical subjects; the team must be at once clever propagandists and convinced Tories and Churchmen.—*The Times.* (H. E. Lewis.)

It may be just coincidence, but since Princess Margaret and Lady Docker visited the coal face, our coal merchant has delivered to time and brought good quality coal.—*Leicester Mercury.* (J. L. Watts.)

A reader asks if people treasure dreams. The ones I treasure most are those in which I meet the Royal Family and am talking to them, naturally and happily. How I wish they would come true, but then I am just an ordinary housewife. Still, I can dream, can't I?—Letter in *Daily Mirror.* (F. Brookes.)

He is the only cornet-playing bricklayer in the Lords.—*Lancashire Evening Post.* (G. L. Russell.)

In the Belgian Congo

II.—THE BLIND SIDE OF THE HEART

OUT of the equatorial jungles of the Maniema in the Upper Congo, just eleven years ago, there erupted two warlike columns whose intentions would be easily understood in Kenya today. So far as could be discovered in the inquiry which followed the fighting, these columns meant to overwhelm the few European inhabitants of nearby Lubuta and Masisi, "take over the government," and thence pass on to bigger things. They marched through hidden paths and were stopped not far short of their first objectives. A few Whites narrowly escaped: none was actually killed. Seventy-three of the rebels were condemned to death, although only two were hung: the names these two had given themselves were Jesus Christ and Hallelujah. They believed, according to the findings of the inquiry, that God had chosen them to put down the mighty from their seats, and generally to ensure that the meek should inherit the earth—in this case, that they and their friends should inherit their corner of the Congo.

About a year after that, African troops in garrison at Luluaborg, in the Kasai, revolted one morning and held the town for a number of days. In this case several Whites were killed before the fighting ended; and other Whites were forced to do manual work and to "degrade themselves" in obvious ways. A Roman Catholic padre from the Katanga was telling me the other day that the same thing would have happened at the same time in Elisabethville, but for a lucky accident. Official statistics for 1952 (the latest available) show a total of 3,818 *rélégués politiques* in the Congo, and of these 612 are labelled as "dangerous" and held in special penal settlements. Of those at Belingo, the 1952 report comments: "The Kibanguist fanatics remain fiercely attached to their beliefs, and there is little hope of changing this."

Belgians in the Congo speak with anxious alarm of what is happening in Kenya: some have offered me the opinion that "one of these days it can happen here." One day lately I was motoring over a bridge which links together two mines in the Upper Katanga: the security officer with me—he was with me by chance—remarked that the bridge was "very convenient, because you could always put a machine gun on it, and cut off one mining camp from the other"—the further point being that all Europeans at this mining centre were resident on one side of this bridge. A wandering sociologist, elsewhere, asked me whether I had reflected on the parallel between the bonhomous attitude of Africans towards African prisoners, and the attitude of Belgians during the war towards Belgian prisoners? "Anyone seized by the Germans became a hero in the public eye, didn't he? Even if he was really quite a scallywag. Of course, you don't want to push the parallel too far, but there's something in it, you know. Africans here attach no social stigma to prison. Rather the contrary." One could multiply these chance impressions.

Does this mean that the Belgian Congo hides something in the nature of an incipient Mau Mau? Belgians in authority are inclined to answer this question in the affirmative, although convinced they can take the detonator out of this particular bomb before the exploding-trigger is touched. They are extremely careful about studying their "Native situation" (in contrast with the Government of Kenya); and the results of their study have interesting implications. The out-

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breaks at Luluaborg and in the Maniéma of ten and eleven years ago, and the 3,818 political prisoners of 1952, all appear to derive from two main strands of thought and feeling: the first is the product of literal interpretations of certain Biblical teachings, and the second of tribal and more-than-tribal nationalism—even, perhaps, of Congo nationalism. Where these two differ and intermesh is exceedingly hard to say: the 1943 rising seemed to derive from the first and the Luluaborg revolt from the second, but with no very sure division between the two. Both followed years of redoubled *corvées*—rural forced labour —imposed by "war needs," and both were surely exasperated if not provoked by that.

Jesus Christ and Hallelujah, hanged in 1943 for armed insurrection, were leaders of Kitiwala. The word itself is a Kiswahili corruption of the English word "tower"; and the tower in question is the Watchtower. Now, the odd thing about the Watchtower—severely chased and repressed in the Congo—is that it exists in many parts of Africa without giving serious trouble: I have run into its adherents both in the Gold Coast and the French Sudan, while the Maniéma rising, in the Belgian view, was instigated by Watchtower propagandists who had come across the frontier from Northern Rhodesia. Yet the Watchtower in Northern Rhodesia is not a banned society, and so far as I know it has given the administration no trouble (other than the occasional seizure of pamphlets which advise adherents not to obey orders from any government at any time) since early in the Thirties, when there occurred an insignificant outbreak of civil disobedience which was quickly settled. In the Congo, however, Kitiwala is bad medicine.

Not only that. Alongside Kitiwala there exist other prohibited societies devoted to the furtherance of the idea that the Congo belongs to the Congo peoples, and not to anybody else. In the Lower Congo region the powerful Bakongo are much given to Kibongism—a sect whose prophets speak in language which recalls that of the Children of Israel. Some hundreds of assorted prophets and disciples are arrested in the Congo every year. They are not much maltreated, I believe; on the contrary, a puzzled and well-meaning attempt is made to show them they have misunderstood their true interest as well as the teachings of Holy Writ. These attempts generally fail: Kitiwala and Kibongi remain successful in winning new adherents. These adherents do not come, moreover, from the dregs of the population but precisely from those who might otherwise be looked to for some kind of political lead in defence of their own people. A few weeks ago I was examining new African housing at Léopoldville in company with one of the most sensible Europeans I have met in Africa. "We've dozens of prophets in this district," he remarked: "and what's disconcerting is that they are often among the most reliable and persistent workers." After we had visited a well-to-do clerk whose material prosperity was in evidence with a wireless set, a gramophone, a refrigerator, and no fewer than 13 pairs of shoes, he added that "even that man, secretly, may belong to one of these proscribed associations, these dissident churches. And it's our fault, in a sense. We give such energetic people no chance of playing their part in society."

The Belgians, in short, are enlightened industrialists but short-sighted politicians. There notably lacks among them a frank reckoning with what may not unreasonably be called the Great Factor—the factor which has queered so many pitches, made so many colonial experts eat their words, upset so many plans and programmes and constitutions these last ten years: the dynamics of African development. The last ten years have shown this factor as an algebraic progression; yet most Europeans in Africa are still adding it up in simple arithmetic, and they are always getting the wrong answer. Policies are continually being devised for situations which have ceased to exist.

The Congo African is more and more an African thinking in terms of the modern world—and hence of national rights, democracy, equality. But the politics of the Belgian Congo remain those of yesterday or the day before. The political situation in the town of Jadotville, wrote its District Commissioner exactly 20 years ago, consists of "the direct authority of one colonial official, who is chief of the place, assisted by 12 counsellers of whom one is secretary and two are policemen." The description can be generalised, and is quite up to date. Only this year are plans being made for a gingerly groping towards municipal self-government. Meanwhile, too many of the coercive habits of yesterday are still in force. There are sanctions against Europeans who hit Africans, true enough; but there are also sanctions against Africans whose European employers accuse them of rudeness or slacking. The question which Africans are beginning to ask "with a certain impatience," wrote a Jesuit missionary two years ago, is this: "Are negligent workers in Europe condemned to imprisonment with hard labour? No? Then why are we?"

Persuaded of the need for change, the best European brains in the Congo are looking for ways of persuading this unmanageable Biblico-nationalist enthusiasm into manageable outlets. Unhappily for them, the strictly clerical paternalism of the Congo, strong on the side of welfare, is highly vulnerable on that of political development: and there are not many Europeans in the Congo, I think, who see the close connection—obvious at a distance—between political stagnation and the popularity of African prophets. There is a complete unwillingness to learn from British experience in the Gold Coast and Nigeria, where it is thought that the British are dangerously forcing the pace; and although Belgians admit literate Africans to the title of *évolué*, they laugh at the literate wretch behind his back, and are still a thousand miles from that pleasant intellectual companionship which is possible in West Africa. I found it difficult to meet *évolués* except in the nervous presence of Belgian administrators.

This Belgian refusal to match intelligent economic advance with intelligent political advance is likely to exact a high price in terms of political and social peace. Belgian paternalism seems determined to allow skilled African workers, now emerging in their thousands, no means of understanding their position of inferior other than the arid chantings of the mission school, and no means at all (no matter how peaceful) of objecting to that position. Unlike European workers in the days of early industrialism, these Africans have no social thinkers to tell them how and why the world goes round: great sums of security money are expended every year in making sure that no healthy political influence ever comes near them. But Africans are no different from other kinds of humanity: deprived of access to a reasonable explanation of their inferiority, they arrive at an unreasonable explanation—and this unreasonable explanation may easily carry them, at any rate for a time, into extremist positions from which retreat, even without the influence of European stupidity and greed, would always be difficult. A strong and healthy tree which is prevented from growing straight may otherwise grow crooked. Putting it another way, one may borrow the words of Father van Wing, notable student of the Congo, and conclude that "European racialism is the father of African racialism."

The Belgian problem is not one of ignorance, indifference, or sheer perversity, for those in charge of the Congo generally recognise the nature of their difficulties and would like to act accordingly. It is a problem of knowing whether the structure of their own imperial system can possibly afford them room to manœuvre, can allow them to match their highly intelligent economic policy with political advances of the right kind, or—what is just as important—can enable them to make these political concessions at the right time. For that time, undoubtedly, is now.

Basil Davidson

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Do I Get a Kick?

There are three cities in the world I would willingly live in: Paris, Rome and New York. Paris for youth, Rome for middle age and New York for those lethargic periods of life when one needs a violent injection against the death-wish. Its air is almost as electric and dry as the air of Madrid, and the buildings are cut out of the clear sky. In one sense the place is barbarous and a reversion to primitive life: it is a cliff-dweller's city built by engineers. The detail is hideous—even worse, banal. The great disappointment of the romantic traveller is the awful offices on the fiftieth floor: they might just as well have been on the third. One is certainly not rising higher to higher things. Not even in the view? The skyscrapers are splendid only in certain conditions: they are seen best in the cinema or from a moving ship where the shapes regroup and change. In the early morning they do look like Alpine slabs and the city a place to climb in, a sort of Switzerland in steel and glass; but at midday those rows of windows look like print and lettering, and the vertical slabs convey the boredom of capital, interest, rents, work, typewriting, telephoning and not the pride of life. There is also a disturbing aspect of the skyscrapers that suggests decay. I am thinking of the view that you get from the high ground at the Reservoir, or coming up from the industrial rubbish dump and fouled marshes of New Jersey, when the distant tall buildings look like groups of dry, desert vegetation, some unheard-of cactus or aloe. The city then is one of those quick-growing, quickly corrupting plants, and it does not look as though it will last.

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PP54

The wonderful moment of New York is at night. Now the lit-up buildings are buildings no longer but crowded constellations hanging down to the earth itself. It becomes pure astronomy and enchantment. The amusement park has been lit up and the squalor of its daytime success is transfigured. The real American art is in the management of electricity ; that and their superb bridges are their contribution to civilisation. They pour away light all night in the factories, the offices, the universities, the houses and on the roads, as though to make insomnia into the great modern gift to mankind. The industrial filth between Philadelphia and New York is turned into jewellery after darkness : one drives along the highways, three cars abreast, thousands of cars in procession and all travelling at sixty miles an hour, in a moving snake of light: the daring yellow snake of the oncoming traffic, the ruby snake of the traffic coiling fast ahead. And one is driving to Babylon, mile after serene mile, painlessly gratifying a new appetite : the appetite for being awake.

The pleasure of New York is the pleasure of having a place in the perfect machine. A European has this pleasure there without the anxiety. One is using a race of technicians—people of whom it is said, with a good deal of truth, that they create nothing, but can make everything. To a European the urban Americans appear to have become mere nervous systems : to have turned themselves into machines in their continuous preoccupation with them. This is not so. They are really soothed by machines. By using the washing machine they have time to use the telephone, by telephoning they can get quicker to their typewriters. The machine introduces a soothing monotony, occupies the intolerable vacancies of life—intolerable to so many of them—hurries loneliness out of the room, organises emotion; and if emotion cannot be subdued it can, at any rate, be directed by the emotion machine, called psychiatry. They are not neurotic : they have discovered the peace of dealing with life technically. One can have one's engine taken down or one's nuts tightened ; one can depute the demands of personal responsibility to the managers of one's department ; and the tragic demands made upon one by others can be passed along to the various authorities. Again the nerves are soothed. One can, in the favourite phrases, "relax" or "take it easy" ; in other words retain the serenity of being continually awake. It is wonderful for the young, but middle-aged faces quickly line and crack and the faces either soften foolishly or harden with the pathos of those who have been awake too long. Old age and the brittle breaking point come early.

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It is restful to conceive oneself as a machine among machines. It is restful to think the good life is a question of maintenance as one passes one's life cycle from the maternity hospital to the clinic and from the clinic to the last hotel at the morticians. (One passes their fluorescent doorways, their tactfully luxurious entrance halls, their five or six floors of windows with lowered blinds, each room with a painted guest whose room was booked for him.) Restful but monotonous. And so, to disturb the smooth life of New York, to interrupt the long monologues of serious American conversation which sounds like some character from George Eliot talking to herself—to disturb and enliven this, there are the fantastic voices of the city. Not the ship's sirens, but the siren of the ambulance, the police car and the fire engines. These whining sounds are superb in their overstatement of alarm. They tear the skin off. They are the unconscious expression of what we Europeans like to call American hysteria ; what they, in another favourite word, one of the national clichés, call being "volatile."

The impression of underlying panic in New York with which most foreigners come away has some justification, but I think it is misleading. Guilty about their pride in their bombs, guilty of having been the first to use them, these good Puritans expect retribution. So in clubs and offices, hotel bedrooms, everywhere, one sees notices directing one to the air-raid shelter ; on highways like the New Jersey Turnpike are the quite fantastic notices saying "This highway will be closed in the event of enemy action." In a study I have seen a notice by which the occupier warns himself against enemy agents. In office windows one will occasionally see a coloured poster showing New York in flames. At first, one laughs out loud. Then, ironically, one says that the farther from the danger or the experience, the greater the fear, and that none fear for their lives and their wealth more than the rich.

In all the serious issues of life in New York, and before one makes a judgment, it is wise to consult the great philosophers of the city—the taxi drivers. We swerved towards that poster of New York in flames one night, and the driver called back, "Boy, do I get a kick out of that picture ! New York destroyed !" And he laughed for two blocks with pure pleasure. The wonderful thought ! The drama ! The kick ! I saw it again the night Princeton Junction station burned down after the Christmas holidays: it just wasn't there when we got out of the train. There was simply a small area of smouldering ash, as if someone had knocked out a rather large pipe. Imagine the scene in England : the head-shaking, the concern, the worry. Was it insured ? Was anyone hurt ? Why wasn't someone on duty ? Curse the fire brigade ! Is it *right* to let a station burn down ? And so on. Not so at this academic and suburban station. Solid laughter from fifty people, some of them professors, lecturers, even graduates and possibly a member of the Institute for Advanced Studies ! Splendid to have a fire. Drama at last. A new station was there the following night. Half of the American panic at the moment is not panic at all, but the desire for drama and excitement in a life that runs too smoothly and produces no more than nervous ailments and alcoholism. Panic will vanish when the conference-machine for putting panic right is perfected.

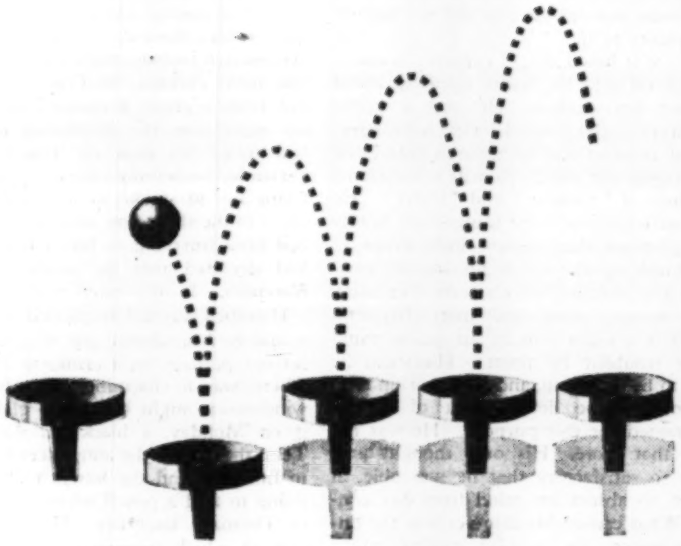
I used to listen in New York to people arguing. There was first of all the ordinary difference of opinion. But presently it would warm up. Motives were imputed at once. Accusations of double-dealing, corrupt ambition, sarcasm about class and background, ending up in personal insults with half a dozen people shouting at each other. One lady I remember, looking ready for murder, stood on her chair to denounce the man opposite to her. I don't say this was common, but the bluntness of American quarrels, the American hatred of irony, indeed their fear of it, their battering-ram tactics in these disputes, were almost as violent as one or two I have witnessed in Spain. In a moment it has all subsided and everyone is back in old-fashioned politeness once more. "We are a volatile race." That is a euphemism for "We are an intolerant race." Scratch an American and one finds the witch-hunter. He is quiet at the moment, but before very long you will find his witch. You listen to your friend, beguiled by his goodness, his benevolence, his lack of malice and by a humanity which all seem to wear as the ordinary working clothes of life ; you are exhilarated by his notion that no wish is impossible, and that no future exists that cannot be made excellent. You are listening to the benevolence of the eighteenth century and you feel that the Americans have retained the old-fashioned virtues of patience, proportion and robust good will. And then, suddenly, that eye hardens, that jaw becomes set, and he snarls out his secret witch. Perhaps that, too was in the English eighteenth century : under the rational platitudes—violence, the irrational, transportation, madness. V. S. PRITCHETT

The Dreamers

MR. BODKIN sat over his breakfast in a trance of thought so deep, so prolonged that, if the blood does indeed rise into the head and assist mental processes, porridge, kidneys and coffee, it must be assumed, were not so much digested as assimilated in a whirlpool of thought. Mrs. Bodkin looked at him over the coffee pot, but made no attempt to break into his mediations. Her husband, from time to time, gave her a kindly, though absent glance, and from this she drew her own conclusions. These were in some degree correct, for he was considering the choice of a present for her birthday.

Should it be the pressure cooker or the electric bed-warmer? He had inclined toward the bed-warmer at first, as he shivered in the chilly dining room. His dear Hieratica never remembered to switch on the fire sufficiently early; he had mentioned it several times and then resigned himself to cold passivity. But, as the porridge went down in rasping chunks, he began to consider the virtues of pressure cookers; they made, he had heard, admirable porridge, and then they were so economical—which would be sure to appeal to Hieratica. Since the money they lived on was hers, he found it harder to criticise her economies than her porridge. If he bought the warmer, he could use it when Hieratica no longer required it; but then a pressure cooker would be useful too, it was impossible to decide. He opened his mouth to speak, but at that moment Hieratica remembered something, and cried: "There! I never told you my dream."

Mr. Bodkin sighed. As they had dressed, he had observed the portentous but joyful expression on his wife's face which showed that she had had



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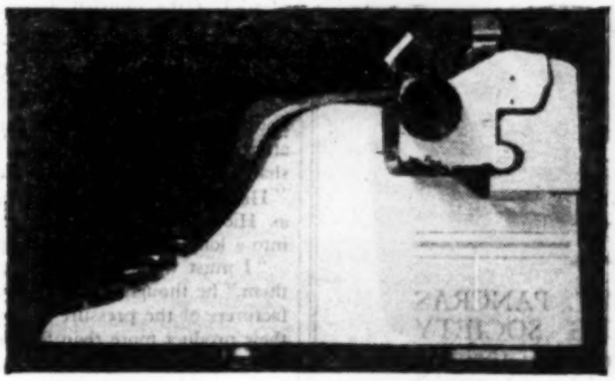

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another of her dreams. The very way in which she had buckled her watchstrap and tied her shoelaces gave the same evidence. These dreams were becoming more and more frequent, and bulked larger and larger in the domestic scene.

"I dreamed that I was the wife of an international financier," she announced.

"Yes, dear."

"He was a Mohammedan, and I was his fourth wife—the youngest, and much the most beautiful. He was rather old, I remember, and the other wives were all jealous of me because I was the favourite."

"Naturally."

"Well. I was going with him to a currency conference in Athens, and we had to cross the mountains. We were waylaid and he was murdered by his unscrupulous enemies, and they dragged his body to a cave. I watched over it—they hadn't touched me—till I was found, two days later, and then he was taken down to Athens, and there was a grand funeral for him. I had no mourning clothes, so I had to walk behind the coffin in a black silk petticoat. Imagine it!"

"Yes indeed."

"A young man saw me from a balcony, and fell madly in love with me. Three weeks later we were married."

"Is that all?"

"I *think* there's some more," she said, frowning and concentrating. "It may come back to me. I was madly beautiful, I do know, and the young man—his name was Alexis—was terribly handsome."

"It must have been very nice. If you have a moment to spare, I was going to ask you about your birthday present. Would you prefer an electric bed-warmer, or a pressure cooker?"

"Oh Thomas! You kind, thoughtful creature! Gracious now, which would I rather have?" In trying to decide, she remembered some more of her dream, which had to be told.

"About your present," he began again, as they left the table. "You really must choose—I've decided to leave your fate in your own hands." He smiled at her.

"There, I never did, did I? Isn't it difficult? Would you think me terribly greedy if I had both?"

"I should go on thinking of you," said Thomas politely, "in exactly the same way."

The warmer *and* the cooker—that was certainly a simple solution, and as the money would come out of their joint account the cost did not matter. There was plenty in it.

"I'll be home at lunch time, I expect, my dear."

He strolled off into the town, thinking about Hieratica and her dreams. He was a good-natured creature, easily pleased. Given a moderate degree of comfort and an assured future, he could be complaisant about his wife's occasional playful epithets of "parasite" and "loafer." He had no real anxieties, and these things were hardly more than pleasant sharpnesses—little drops of vinegar to break up the oil of his smooth existence. But the dreams, which were becoming longer and longer, more and more frequent, seemed to him a vague threat; his placid mind was a little troubled by them. Hieratica, he knew, liked to be annoying, and long, boring recitals were merely the development of a new technique framed for this purpose. He was not worried on that score. His own thought processes were so satisfactory that he was able, at any moment, to absent his mind from her conversation. What caused his disquiet was the undisguised romance, the wishful quality which her dreams were acquiring. It would not be long, he reasoned, before she began to demand, from waking life, this Arabian Nights flavour—a flavour which he neither intended, nor was able, to create.

What would Hieratica do then? She was an energetic woman. She might elect for a Mediterranean cruise, disagreeable thought. She might even contemplate divorce. He suspected that she knew, or knew that she suspected, activities of his own which would make this a possibility. He felt fairly certain, however, that she had not yet begun to equate her dreams with her real experiences. If the dreams could be stopped in time, there was a good chance of calamity being averted. The windows of a big store gleamed at him across the pavement, and he stepped inside and began to make inquiries.

Thomas was late for lunch, so late that Hieratica put the dishes into the oven, retired to the sitting-room and sank into a waking dream—not one of the romances which illuminated her nights, but a dream of a more practical nature. Suppose Thomas, she mused, were now visiting a heart specialist? She had noticed that he was somewhat anxious and preoccupied lately, seemed pale, seemed flushed. Perhaps he suspected some deep-seated malady, impossible to eradicate? He was now, perhaps, hearing the confirmation of this from a grave, keen-eyed doctor, who would not spare him the distressing details. Thomas had tidied his desk on Thursday—surely that portended something unusual? He had given up trying not to smoke, as if it were not worth the effort in the short time that remained to him. He had been hurrying to finish *War and Peace,* but had declared that he would not begin *Anna Karenina.* It all pointed in the same direction.

Hieratica was mildly pleased at her fancy. She would be a handsome and wealthy widow, free to set out perhaps on a cruise to Egypt or Greece. There was a charming black hat in Suzanne's window—it might be a good plan to go and buy it on Monday, a black hat was always useful. Then there were the announcements in the papers to think of, and the letters to friends. She was rising to find a pencil when she heard the sound of Thomas's latch-key. He came in carrying a box, in which reposed a heavy gleaming sphere as large as a small milk-churn: the cooker.

"The warmer won't be here till Monday," he explained, "they hadn't the single-bed size in stock. I brought the cooker with me. You can cook a whole dinner in thirty minutes, and they say it will reduce bones to jelly in two hours."

Hieratica was suitably delighted, and they went in to lunch chatting agreeably about the uses of this new acquisition.

During the afternoon she had a nap, and thus, at six-thirty, just as the opening bars of his favourite violin concerto came from the wireless, gay and formal as a Christmas tree, she was able to tell Thomas every detail of her latest dream. She had been trapped at the top of a lift-shaft, doomed, if she had not been lowered to safety on a long rope by the handsome elevator attendant.

By Monday's parcel post came the electric bed-warmer.

"I'll fix that faulty power point in our room before tonight," said Thomas. Hieratica was pleased at the unusual devotion with which he tinkered upstairs for a couple of hours. It might be conscience-work, hastily performed before death stepped in and made it too late.

"I think you'll find it's working satisfactorily now," he said, as she got into bed that night, after re-trying the new hat. "I'll switch it on, shall I? Have you got your feet on it?"

He pressed the switch and watched benignantly as Hieratica, with the slightest quiver, slipped into a long and dreamless sleep.

"I must write to the makers and congratulate them," he thought. He also wrote to the manufacturers of the pressure cooker to tell them that their product more than fulfilled its promise and had given him every satisfaction.

Later that summer a neighbour called out a greeting to Thomas, leisurely at work in his garden, and asked when Mrs. Bodkin was expected back from her long tour of the Middle East.

"Her return has been indefinitely postponed," Thomas answered. "She finds her present existence most congenial. I expect to be on my own for a long time."

The neighbour nodded sympathetically.

"Marvellous show of roses you have this summer," he commented. "How do you do it?"

"Bone manure," Thomas replied. "Bone manure."

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The Egoist

The public—especially the articulate middle-class public, which has always been in two minds about Mr. Attlee—has usually tended to look much further than the truth in seeking to explain him. The more public-spirited type of decent, conventional lawyer, doctor or schoolmaster—Conservative and C. of E.—seems to find it beyond easy belief that the Labour Party should be led by one so like himself. Two myths have become widely accepted. There is the story, so perfectly placed in its setting by Angus Wilson in *The Wrong Set*, of the dreary, narrow, insecure failure from the minor public school, who entertains his cronies in the saloon bar by telling of the "empty taxi which drew up at Number 10 and out stepped Mr. Attlee." That story, besides being ugly and malicious, is absurd; for Mr. Attlee has never been a nobody. Yet it gained wide currency in the golf clubs and motor-car showrooms during the period of the Labour Government. The other myth is well illustrated by an epigram attributed to Churchill. The occasion—a Commons debate in 1946 on a Tory motion of censure. The House had just heard one of those terse, witty, incisive debating speeches which Attlee so often manages on such occasions, and with which he almost always scores very heavily off Churchill. As he walked into the lobby, Churchill was heard to observe with commendable good temper, "Feed a grub on royal jelly and it may turn out a queen." But this explanation, that Attlee was somehow translated by standing in Churchill's shoes into a personality which transcended all his previous limitations, is also untrue. He has eaten but sparingly of the royal jelly, and he never "turned out a queen."

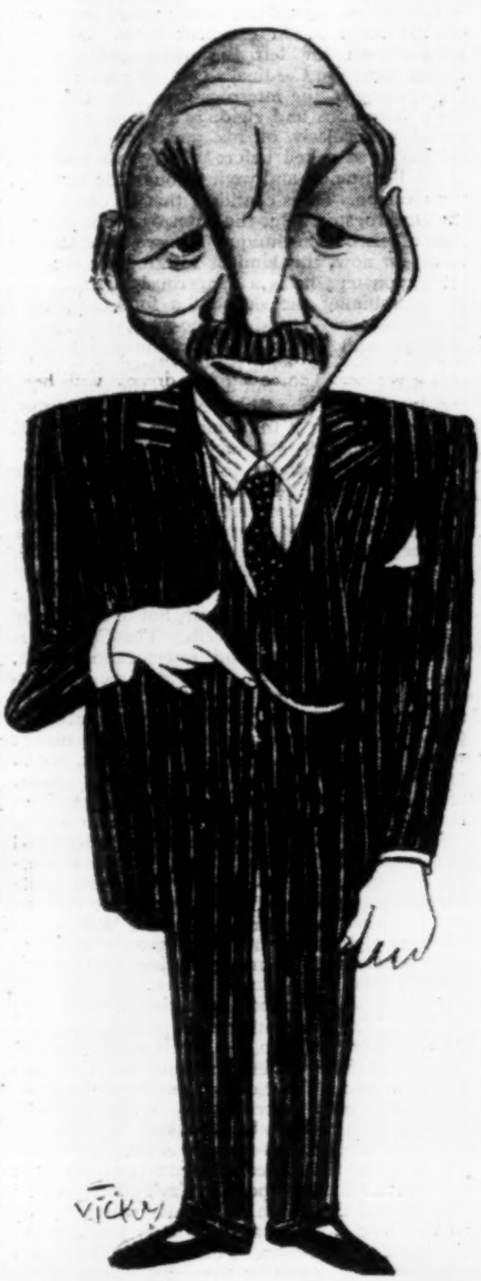
The legends about Attlee have usually got him wrong, because those who have propagated them have been trying to solve the wrong problem. The English middle-class, suffering under the privations of 1945-1951, sought to explain why a Socialist Prime Minister, the leader of "those dreadful people," should behave more or less like a gentleman and a Conservative. The Labour movement, which holds Attlee in great trust and considerable affection (but still has few illusions about his many inadequacies), has always come much nearer to sensing the truth about him; and that truth, or a great deal of it, will be found in the answer to a slightly different question. Why, we must ask, should so conventional and Conservative-minded a man allow himself to become the leader of the British Labour Party?

Attlee's recently published autobiography* leads one a long way towards the answer to that question. Let nobody imagine, however, that one has only to canter lightly through the pages of an intimate memoir to find Mr. Attlee neatly dissected and laid out for public exhibition. It is not as easy as that. Indeed, the average reader may be forgiven for losing patience long before the end of this lamely written, clumsily constructed book, much of it as boring as the minutes of a municipal gas undertaking. Mr. Attlee is no Alcibiades or Churchill—not even a Pepys or a Trollope; and seldom has the absence of emotion been recollected in greater aridity. Yet who runs hard enough may read; and Attlee can be found in these pages so long as one doesn't make the mistake of looking for something bigger than the reality.

Clement Attlee joined the ranks of Labour in 1907 via the Fabians and the I.L.P., and as a result of his experiences at Haileybury House in Stepney. In his own words, "After looking into many social reform ideas [my elder brother and I] came to the conclusion that the economic and ethical basis of society was wrong." Later, after the first War, in which he had been badly wounded, he observed and shared the ex-servicemen's bitterness at their betrayal by the Coalition Government; and when he entered Parliament, his maiden speech expounded the pattern of his Socialism:

> Why was it that in the War we were able to find employment for everyone? It was simply that the Government controlled the purchasing power of the nation. . . . While the purchasing power of this nation is concentrated in the hands of a few, there will be production of luxuries and not of necessaries. It was found necessary during the War for the Government to take hold of the purchasing powe1 . . . and deliberately to say that certain things were essential because we were at war, and that those things and no others should be made.

That has been Mr. Attlee's political *credo* from Haileybury House to Downing Street; and, with the glorious exception of his statesmanlike concept of Indian and Burmese independence, there has been nothing much more. It is a practical, progressive and mildly Socialist creed; but, at the same time, parochial, incomplete and begging most of the great philosophical questions which are raised by the common ownership of property and the assertion of collective responsibility for its use. It is, however, a faith which has satisfied Mr. Attlee; and since the first World War he has sought to translate it into action with all the devotion, the integrity, the charity and the limited vision with which other members of his family have offered the nostrum of Christianity to the heathen. Attlee is the dutiful public schoolboy turned missionary among the working classes.



The Labour Movement instinctively understands most of this. Attlee is loved not as "one of us," but precisely because he has laboured so capably and disinterestedly in a field which was not naturally his own. With a characteristic combination of shrewdness and generosity, the British Labour Party has pinned its faith to his integrity. And rightly so. Attlee first had his foot planted on the ladder of promotion because he had had more experience and a better education than most of his colleagues in the Stepney Labour Party. Ever since, he has borne his trust with the stolid conscientiousness of a just headmaster. In any democratically organised party, a man who is held to be personally unambitious and of unimpugnable integrity is liable to have leadership thrust upon him. After the desertion of MacDonald, the Labour Party became very suspicious of prima donnas, and when Lansbury's Christian Pacifism ceased to match the mood of the Party, it was Attlee, the plodding dark horse, and not the more fancied and more talented Greenwood or Morrison, who slipped into the leadership. It is, in fact, not difficult if one recalls the history and personnel of the Labour Party in the '30s to see why Attlee was chosen as Leader. Far more difficult—because it involves understanding Attlee himself and not just his surroundings—is to see why he has held on to the position for so long.

The answer begins to emerge when one examines the reality of Attlee's most publicised characteristics—his apparent unawareness of the outside world, and his reputation for modesty. The little man, who sits doodling while his colleagues draw their knives, does so not from lethargy or apathy. He doodles because his nerves are steadier than those of the men who seek his place. He has, moreover, an extraordinary sense of tactical timing, and a ruthlessness which is not far from cruelty, in standing aside to watch his rivals savage one another almost to death. His intervention, when it does come, is apt to be swift, effective, and timed for the moment when his principal adversary is off guard and at a disadvantage. It will also be delayed until Mr. Attlee has made a full assessment of the forces arrayed on each side of a controversy and of the sense of the majority. He has never made the mistake of exposing himself to the undue risks of leadership from the head of the column.

But why, one may ask, should such a "nice," such an unassuming man wish to behave like this? Attlee's modesty, his public "persona" of the diffident man, uncertain of himself, and anxious only to creep back into his Metro-land snuggery, is totally false. He continues to lead the Labour Party chiefly because he is the one man who never doubts that he is the best fitted for the job. He alone is never troubled by his inadequacies. Here his autobiography is staggeringly revealing. In spite of the absurdities of underwriting which so many of the critics have mocked, it is in many ways one of the most egotistical and

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**As It Happened.* By C. R. Attlee. *Heinemann.* *16s.*

ungenerous records of a public life ever to be published. In every chapter one finds an utter obliviousness and disregard of theories and values which are outside Mr. Attlee's range. Men and ideas are flattened down to the level at which he can comprehend them; and there is never a qualm expressed lest perhaps something is being missed.

Mr. Attlee's course through public life has been a response to three, largely fortuitous, circumstances. He happened to go down to Haileybury House—and thus, unlike most men of his class and period, he had first-hand knowledge of the ravages of uncontrolled capitalism. To his credit this turned him to social reform. He happened to achieve adult status in politics at the change-over from war to peace, between 1919 and 1923. That impressed upon him the simple truth that the controlled capitalist economy, acceptable to almost everybody in war-time, could be effectively used for social reform in peace. He happened to be appointed in 1927 to the Simon Commission; and that opened his eyes to a problem of which he would otherwise have remained ignorant. (On Africa, by contrast, which he never visited during his formative years, he seems bereft of original ideas.) These are the circumstances which determined his political complexion, and "as it happened"—the words, after all, are Attlee's—he held power at the moment when it was possible for him to translate practically the whole of his limited political philosophy into action.

For the rest, it seems improbable that anything of the man himself will survive the first-hand memories of those who have lived and worked with him. But he will leave a monument, for all that. He has not led a great Party for close on twenty years without impressing something of his personality upon it. In a hundred years' time, men will perhaps look at the story of the British Labour Party in the '30s, '40s, and '50s. They may comment on its steady, if unspectacular, growth, from its catastrophe in 1932 to its triumph in 1945: they may notice how, in 1945, when the British people had to decide who could be trusted to honour the post-dated cheques, which had been drawn by both Parties during war, it was to Labour that they turned: they may be struck, if the records of conferences and policy documents survive, how it had taken Labour a generation to formulate its 1945 programme and how that programme succeeded, not because it was Socialist, but because it was perfectly fitted to meet the problems of changing over from war to peace. The experts on Government may ascribe some sensible reforms in the public service (particularly in the higher direction of the armed Forces) to this period; while those whose quest is for the hidden personalities of history may notice that, while brighter stars than Attlee rose in the political firmament, both to the Right and the Left of him, they usually appear to have been extinguished before reaching their zenith. Socialists of the future will be almost bound to note that, while the Labour Government toiled hard to redistribute income and iron out the extreme injustices of capitalism, it seems to have had little interest in bringing the system to an end; and, when it had to deal with a world conditioned by the clash between totalitarian Socialism in Russia and "capitalist democracy" in the U.S., it preferred to assume that Britain was inevitably part of Western capitalism, rather than jolt its own class structure or seek to lead an independent group of Socialist States. After paying tribute to all which was accomplished, the verdict of posterity on Mr. Attlee's competent revolution may be that it was the only event of its kind in history which contributed almost nothing new or imaginative to the pool of ideas with which men seek to illuminate human nature and its environment.

The Arts and Entertainment

A SECOND INQUISITION

Soon we shall get spoiled! Two fascinatingly interesting new plays within two weeks! Following *Marching Song* at the St. Martin's comes Miss Bridget Boland's *The Prisoner* at the Globe which attempts to take us into the heart of the duel between a Cardinal and his Interrogator as a preliminary to a trial in some country behind the Iron Curtain. It is a rivetting subject and a daring attempt. It is daring for several reasons. The subject is plainly grim, and it is difficult, as we have learned, to tempt audiences with grim subjects. Then, we know little if anything about how brain-washing techniques achieve their effects: we are going to be hard to convince. And then, again, since all we are to be shown is the duel unrelieved, monotony is the dangerous enemy and the temptation to avoid it by melodrama always lurks.

The beginning is comparatively easy. Miss Boland allows herself two scenes which are paired on the stage in an excellent scene (by Felix Labisse)—on the left the interrogation room, on the right the Cardinal's cell. We are there at the opening of the interrogation. The Cardinal, dryly humorous and rigid, is a proud man and proud particularly of his power to hold out. He has been tested before. He was a mainstay of the Resistance, and went through the hands of the Gestapo. He is confident that he can outlast the Interrogator. But the Interrogator is equally sure of his own technique. As we have learned to expect now, this kind of Interrogator is not a cruel monster; he is a dangerously friendly expert combining the skills of a forensic doctor, a criminal lawyer and psycho-analyst. He is, to begin with, all charm and affability but he is not so foolish as, with the Cardinal, to pretend that this is anything but a duel to the death. He lays his cards on the table. No torture, no drugs, no hypnosis, but a full, complete and free confession without them. Such is his programme.

Of course tiredness, the utter and complete wearing down by sleeplessness, that is one of his weapons. We see it operating in the enclosed cell where no one who enters, neither the prison doctor nor the barber, is allowed to speak to the Cardinal, except the cell warder who brings in a faint small draught of humanity—not humaneness—but a tainted draught not of fresh air, but of air already used and breathed in the cells. The Cardinal is shuttled between cell and interrogation room, and the process unwinds itself and we begin to see what it is. To call it breaking the Cardinal's spirit would be to miss its subtlety. It is rather to probe and probe the personality, as an analyst would, to find the hidden flaw: to find it, not in order to heal it but to play on it until it cracks. It is all done by kindness of a kind, but kindness is not the intention and it is horrible to watch.

Up to the point where the flaw is discovered in the middle of the second act, the play is completely successful. Mr. Alec Guinness plots the gradations of the Cardinal's collapse with an absolute exactitude; and Mr. Noel Willman is superbly right with the Interrogator's appalling and subtle tact. A most striking point about Miss Boland's handling of these two parts is that she is able to remain objective towards both of them. They are neither mere political symbols. The two are caught in the clinch which analysts call a negative transference, until the Cardinal, though conscious of the trap, has become wholly dependent on his Interrogator. At that point he is done. The trick has been worked.

It is possible to feel that the actual flaw which the authoress has chosen for him is not quite right (though this does not spoil the play's effectiveness); and beyond that again to wonder whether even so this flaw would spark across to produce the explosion of confession. I must not spoil people's pleasure by giving more than that away; but I confess to not being perfectly convinced at that point. After the breakdown has been manipulated, it is not easy to gather up our interest again. There is still a turn of events left to make a third act and yet, if this did not clinch quite so tightly as the earlier part, that may be a first night accident.

These are, anyhow, refinements of criticism which it is the play's strength to invite and I am delighted to see Miss Boland, after her last near-miss, hitting the centre of the target. *The Prisoner* is a play which every intelligent playgoer will want to see; and, note, it is only on for a very short run (it ends on June 5). The acting and production alike are superb. If there is a danger of monotony inherent in the theme, it never so much as threatens in practice. Mr. Peter Glenville lights and stages it with great imagination and inventiveness, and Mr. Willman and Mr. Guinness are unfailing in resource, while the only other speaking part is Mr. Wilfrid Lawson's fine idiosyncratic Warder. All three can afford to speak up a little; I think they would be difficult to hear at the back of the house.

At the Old Vic *The Tempest* has been added to the repertoire in a mechanically exciting production by Mr. Robert Helpmann. I share with the late Elizabethans and Jacobeans a love of stage machinery and magical tricks. It delights me, as it did them, when a banquet appears all fine and flashing out of nowhere and disappears on the instant in a flash of fire and smoke, or when a Masque rises triumphantly from the lower world. To bring these off dazzlingly is the beginning of a production of *The Tempest*, but it is not quite the end. Perhaps when these wonders are taken more in the stride, the play will come further into the foreground. For there are, too, some pleasing performances. Mr. Michael Horden did not end his Prospero quite so well as he began. His anger was more credible than his gentleness. Miss Claire Bloom was wide-eyed in her wonder and Mr. Richard Burton a rollicking, rather endearing moon-calf. But it takes more than the magic of mechanics to produce the magic of this play and it was that other magic that I missed.

T. C. Worsley

FRENCH BALLET

The *Ballets de France de Janine Charrat* is a company typical of the old style of French dancing. By old I mean the traditional style that is taught in the State Ballet at the *Opéra,* and not the looser and more fluid technique developed by Roland Petit for his ballet companies since the war. This former tradition in French dancing is somewhat stiff and angular, although the dancers learn to lift their legs very high in the air, to spin like the most efficient of tops, and are generally proficient in their craft. It is not, to me, a very beautiful kind of dancing, because it is not lyrical, and the effort is always apparent; but it is often extremely satisfying since there is a truly professional polish. This is different to the English traditions in ballet teaching. These have a definite tendency towards the sloppy and amateur, but on the other hand possess more poetry and purity or balance of line. They also allow for more imaginative play in the individual's interpretation of style. What is so annoying about the teaching of ballet in England today is that there is little encouragement from the working companies for individuality, so that the best dancers are growing more and more stereotyped.

This could never be the case with a French management, and the company which has been playing at the Stoll is typically and conventionally French. There is a number of good individual dancers among its principals, though none except Mlle Charrat is outstanding. She is like a beautiful little dancing machine—mechanically excellent, but quite heartless. This sense of unemotional detachment runs through the company and its ballets. Even ambitious dramas about horses and Amazons struggling for supremacy, or life and love in a lunatic asylum, both by Mlle Charrat, are curiously cold, for all their superficial passion. I think this is because Mlle Charrat interprets her subjects in an intellectual manner, and in the process of analysis her themes lose their rhythm. Her best work is an abstract *pas de deux* to a concerto by Grieg where she and her partner, Peter Van Dijk, seem to be completely integrated with the music, so much so that they become almost like instruments of the orchestra, formally dressed, one in grey, the other in white all-over tights.

There are also ballets by Serge Lifar: dull chunks of choreography with bad decor. *Aubade* is a dismal version of the Actaeon myth, with Jean Bernard Lemoine a fretful hero, and Helène Trailine a nasty-natured Diana. The dancers weave around some uneasily designed Ionic pillars with long white gloves to complete their Grecian tunics. Mr. Lifar's circus ballet, *L'Ecuyère*, misses most of the simple circus fun, although the finale, where the wicked ringmaster beats up a cowering hero and carries back his equestrienne, is a pleasant surprise.

ANNABEL FARJEON

MESSIAEN AND MARTIN

SOMEONE in the B.B.C. must have a very sweet tooth. Those who heard last June one of the studio performances of Messiaen's *Turangalila* Symphony (1948) may have innocently supposed that for the time being they had finished with that huge work. But not only has *Turangalila* (an Indian word, meaning "love-song") been lately revived in the Festival Hall under the same painstaking conductor, Walter Goehr, but the two-hour piano suite, *Vingts Regards sur l'Enfant-Jésus* (1944), has been broadcast in full by Messiaen's faithful interpreter, Mme Yvonne Loriod, while the composer himself has broadcast four Rhythmic Studies which date from 1949 and 1950 and are a good deal harder to follow than his earlier music.

The earlier music is not so much hard to follow as hard to swallow. I myself don't pretend to a very austere taste, and I often wish that certain modern composers would shed their inhibitions and let themselves go. But the composer of *Turangalila* has let himself go to an extent that would scandalise Cecil B. de Mille. One of the ten movements of the Symphony "features" (no other word is so appropriate) a luscious F sharp major tune, which is built up by simple repetition and crescendo—layer upon layer of sound like a monster club sandwich—until a towering climax is reached, with the electronic Ondes Martenot trilling out the melody in a Swanee whistle treble and throwing in an occasional "catcall" swoop of a downward fifth for good ecstatic measure. The result suggests one of Massenet's more sentimental ideas inflated beyond the wildest dreams of Scriabin or Richard Strauss. The listener feels as though he were caught in a prolonged bout of all-in wrestling with a very stout odalisque.

Until his recent rhythmic experiments, which seem to be of mainly technical import, Messiaen's inspiration has been twofold: Religion and Love. But whether depicting sacred or profane love, Messiaen's art remains essentially that of the hypnotist: his aim is to stun or bewilder or caress the listener into acquiescence, and if we leave the question of taste out of it we ought to admit that he has considerable equipment for this task. He is certainly a fine pianist, and I should guess him to be a very thorough all-round musician. The exotic scales and rhythms of Indian music are ingeniously used in his work, and the subtlety of his ear is evident from the exquisitely precise notation of bird-song that occurs, for instance, in the fifth and eighth of the *Vingt Regards*. As for the inherent quality of his ideas, he is one of those composers (like Milhaud or Martinu or Villa-Lobos) who apparently make it a point of honour never to reject anything that occurs to them. In 1946 I was charmed, I remember, by a cello cantilena in a very long piece of chamber music called *Quatuor pour la Fin du Temps*, and no doubt Messiaen has elsewhere struck an equally happy vein of lyricism. But in the *Vingt Regards* the melodic ideas, good or bad, smothered by chord clusters; and in *Turangalila* they are sunk beneath the Ondes Martenot.

Frank Martin, whose oratorio *Golgotha* was repeated by the B.B.C. on Good Friday after an interval of four years, is the exact opposite of Messiaen. His work is fastidious in the extreme, and at its best (as in the *Petite Symphonie Concertante* and the recent Harpsichord Concerto) it attains a profound and luminous beauty. The Swiss composer lacks the copious invention of a great master; and his two largest works, *Le Vin Herbé* and *Golgotha*, suffer further from the fact that their subjects inevitably remind us, the one of Wagner, and the other of Bach. *Golgotha* sinks at times to a decent plainness, then rises to passages of a rare spiritual beauty. The end of the third section, Christ's "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets" and the following soprano solo, is very moving; and there comes later a most imaginative moment when the mocking cries of "Christ!" are taken up in ecstasy by softly soaring angelic voices. The setting of the words "Crucify Him!" has a horrid actuality which could have come only from a man of our time who has known or imagined the dull persistence and ferocity of a mob shouting slogans.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

LOOK AND LISTEN

AND now, let us praise without reservation. By devoting the whole of the *Panorama* programme to a consideration of the hydrogen bomb the Television Service did admirably what one had begun to fear it was incapable of doing. First, we saw once again an extract from the famous film, and then an explanation of the physics of the bomb by Professor Rotblat. This was brilliant: entirely lucid, the first comprehensible explanation a layman such as myself has ever heard. Then—the nub of the matter—diagrammatic representations of the effects of the bomb in terms of London and England. Truly, apoca-

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lyptically terrifying: one saw the reaction of the Coventry City Council as something wholly sane, and though it would have been cruel to expect it, it is significant that a spokesman from Civil Defence was not among the speakers.

We spent a few minutes in Washington, where the B.B.C. correspondent Mr. Christopher Serpell interviewed an official of the American Government on, among other things, American public reaction to the bomb. So far as could be judged from letters received it had been fantastically slight: some fifty letters in all; but whether this was the result of lack of interest or of sheer stunned incomprehension, who can say? And so to Marshal of the Air Force Sir John Slessor, who saw in the bomb the most powerful reinforcement of the case he has recently been arguing in the Third Programme: "War," he said, "has abolished itself." Bertrand Russell, who followed, did not agree: the future, he maintained, now depended on the normal influence of the smaller and neutral nations on the powers possessing atomic weapons. Mr. Walter Elliot and Mr. Strachey then discussed the programme so far as it had gone; not, I felt, wholly adequately, because over-cautiously, as though glancing over their shoulders at the recent debate in the House. And the programme ended with a moving statement by the Archbishop of York.

The significance of the programme is that the issues the bomb raises, strategic, moral and of plain human survival, were bluntly put before the public. Television, as a means of communication, was doing its job, and what is interesting is that in this instance it had scooped sound broadcasting; it had spoken to and for the nation as sound had failed to do. In most instances—there are exceptions—it seems to me unquestionable that the visual image added to the spoken word is immeasurably more compelling and probably more memorable than the spoken word alone. All the same, I can't help thinking that sound broadcasting now unduly handicaps itself by a too rigid fidelity to published schedules. TV is more flexible; it is not the slave of *Radio Times*. The proof of this is that now, where TV is concerned, one has to supplement the programme lists in *Radio Times* by reference to the daily programmes as published in the press. Examples? The first transmission of Mr. Murrow's programme on Senator McCarthy, the first showing of the hydrogen bomb film and Mr. Learie Constantine's appearance in *Personally Speaking*.

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DOBSON

The week in television would in fact have been outstanding even without the *Panorama* hydrogen bomb programme, because of the telecasts of Mr. Murrow's C.B.S. *See It Now* programmes devoted to Senator McCarthy. "Critic" has already commented on these; but what struck me was the utter defencelessness against them of the uninformed viewer. The Senator's technique is by now well known. It is the technique of the "Big Lie" whether direct or by implication—there was a beautiful example of the latter when in one of the excerpts in Mr. Murrow's first programme he refers by "a slip of the tongue" to Mr. "Alger" Stevenson. But—how recognise the lie? For us, it may have been easy through the reference to Laski, "admittedly the greatest Communist propagandist of our time in England." All the same, it seemed to me merely politic to have Mr. Aidan Crawley there to defend Mr. Murrow for British viewers.

There has been one very important talk in the Third: Professor Max Gluckman's *The Magic of Despair*. Its theme was Mau Mau, its aim to disprove the now common contention that its ritual and behaviour represent a lapse into African primitivism. Professor Gluckman showed that Mau Mau was not a reversion to African pagan religions and magic, which could be easily enough equated to much more sophisticated religions, but was the product of colonisation. Mau Mau, on the nature of the ritual of which he had, of course, to be guarded, he described as "a nihilistic movement of desperation." The talk was so important in its conclusions that it should, it seems to me, be given the widest possible currency, even if that means in a simplified form, in the Home Service or on TV, for it is, I think, naive to assume that an untutored public automatically differentiates between the Kikuyu who follow Mau Mau and the scores of millions of Negroes throughout the world who do not. Apart from this, Professor Gluckman's talk opened up a whole African continent quite unfamiliar to most of us, the Africa, for instance, of native Christian sects that are the product of the colour-bar and preach a heaven from which the Whites are excluded and a hell designed for their punishment. I know of no representation of this surely most significant development apart from that in Mr. Joyce Cary's early novel *The African Witch*.

William Salter

THE MOVIES

"The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T," and "Ballet-Oop", at Studio One

"Act of Love," at the Gaumont

Different, exclaims the title; but a very few minutes of Stanley Kramer's *The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T.* may prompt the question: Is it different enough? Here's that oddity, the dream film, which rarely comes along and even more rarely comes off. Having decided to take the plunge, its inceptors work like mad to make it as little of a plunge as possible. No splash! Mustn't get wet! And there's a whole bad tradition of dream sequences to fall back on, with funny-peculiar ballet, musical extravaganza, hit numbers, and of course Technicolor, since from real dreams colour is almost wholly absent. What might, in fact, bring a breath of freshness luxuriates in stale whimsy.

The idea of the 5,000 fingers is charming enough: a little boy unwillingly practising at the piano, with a mother in league with a parody of a music teacher, and in the kitchen an honest if handsome plumber. Off stalks the pseudo maestro, and away fly the little boy's thoughts into a land of dream and a musical academy modelled on space-fiction. Here he is chased by dancers with big butterfly nets over a field of flying saucers (recumbent). An enormous piano awaits 500 unhappy little boys who will sit down to play the maestro's big work. Two active old gentlemen united by a single hooped beard glide on roller-skates. There are electric marvels, monkey hill architecture, visiting jazz bands, dungeons, gaolers hypnotised by the musical Ogre. Here also Mother—a pretty young widow, need I say?—is under the spell, which can only be broken after thrilling adventures and sentimental numbers by the rebellious little dreamer and his plumber friend whom he soon addresses as Pop.

On paper it's bright; in celluloid it gets hopelessly bogged in the lumbering, machinery of its own fantasy. What should be lightly sketched in—the Ogre's Castle—is solidly insisted on and a horrible archness tries to balance smartness and sentimentality. The thing never goes. It has moments. I liked the 'fluence duel, the band scherzo, the Gothic lift going down, the Gilbertian dressing-up and descent down stairs to the dais. Sometimes the dialogue entertains, in general the little boy (Tommy Retig) pleases. But as dream-stuff, surrealism, fantasy, it remains half-hearted, unless you're susceptible to the mere appeal of a musical that's different.

Ballet-Oop, the Upa fancy which precedes, suggests that a better medium might have been the cartoon: but that would have meant cutting out all the bigness and sweetness. There's charm, fun, and wit in this new animation, directed by Robert Cannon, especially with the beginners' class. "I like your altitude," says the ballet mistress, as one pupil returns from the ceiling. So do I.

A sad little love story of a little French girl and an American trooper during the last year of the war has been drawn out by Anatole Litvak to twice its normal length. The framework creaks, the plot crawls, location scenes in Paris and Cannes pile up, and bits of character exposure and melodrama are introduced, till the touching tale becomes beautiful but tedious. This is a pity, because *Act of Love* is extremely pleasant to look at, and its couple—Kirk Douglas and Dany Robin—has all our sympathy till, through no fault of theirs, they exhaust. A little less "art" and a good deal more cutting could still I believe, improve this film immensely.

William Whitebait

Victor Pasmore (1944-54), at the I.C.A.

This is one of the saddest exhibitions I have ever seen; it emanates the atmosphere of a once-gay warm house now shut up, chill, and with dust sheets over all the furniture. It traces the development of Pasmore's self-denial from his fine sensuous representational nudes and landscapes, through his still partly *enjoyed* oil abstracts, through his more severe *collages*, through his constructions (like bathroom fittings) of wood and Perspex, to his final grey joyless photostats of flat geometric shapes arranged on a drawing board. It is sad because even in his most limited works one can see Pasmore's underlying and exceptional sensuous perception, and also because one can see the logic of his development. The logic may start from wrong premises, but, granted that, its consistency shows obstinate integrity, unusual courage and a total disregard for fashionable self-advancement. Any explanations of Pasmore's career would be very complicated: its roots partly personal, partly ideological. A clue, however, is the book of Ingres in the background of the beautiful 1946 nude. Pasmore has always wanted to impose a classic sense of order upon reality and his sensuous apprehension of it. He has always had a vision of a possible, better, more ordered world. This vision has become so urgent that the muddle of the actual world and the casualness of his enjoyment of it, has led him to harder and harder renunciation. I believe that if he now returns from the desert (if he goes any further he will give up practising art altogether), he will be able to speak with greater authority than before.

J. B.

Correspondence

GENERAL PRACTICE

Sir,—An assessment of the effect of the N.H.S. on general practice is overdue; it is a pity that Janet Vaughan was content to conclude her review of Stephen Taylor's book with the words "What a general practitioner can do for his patients depends largely on himself and partly on the conditions society gives him. . . .", without in fact studying how much the G.P. is in fact doing or how much society is in fact helping him. The tendency to conclude from Taylor's report that Collings was a scaremonger, and that all is now for the best in the world of general practice, does not bear examination in the light of Taylor's own figures, which suggest that ten million patients have G.P.s "less efficient than they ought to be." Nor are there grounds for saying, as does Janet Vaughan, that "the administrative changes are working in the right direction." The good features of Taylor's practices could have been found prior to the N.H.S. and "post-Collings" surveys show different selection rather than a changing picture

The Labour movement, faced with low standards of medical care and inadequately equipped and housed doctors, called for the provision of health centres. Very few have been built on grounds of economy, and unfortunately those completed have failed to create the type of medical team envisaged. While housing many doctors and the local authority clinics under one roof, they have not yet ended the G.P.s competition nor united the curative and preventive services. Time can remove these defects; meanwhile the Labour Party in *Challenge to Britain* have decided to rely for the present on the encouragement of group practice. As a member of a group practice I would like to comment on this policy.

The development of group practice makes the provision of good premises and equipment and the employment of ancillary staff an economic proposition, and as such it is likely to raise the standard of care provided. It does nothing to heal the breach between the G.P. and preventive services; indeed, in some groups there is an attempt to replace these services while in our own we have tried hard to improve liaison, but without much success. Even though group practice is a partial solution, it is least likely to develop where it is most needed; in the industrial areas. Here even partnerships are less common, and established practitioners are showing little eagerness to make use of the small encouragement offered by the Danckwerts group practice loan fund.

At the root of the obstacles to progress in General Practice lies the capitation-fee system of payment, a method which rewards the G.P. for each additional service provided with a cut in income. All attempts at improving co-operation are blocked by this hangover from commercial medicine. At its most pernicious it led to the refusal by the G.P.s of one industrial town to work in a Health Centre, because to do so would constitute unfair competition.

The Labour Movement, while welcoming any development which encourages co-operation amongst G.P.s and between G.P.s and the preventive services, should continue to insist on its original demands for a salaried service and for the maximum provision of Health Centres.

General Practitioner

"ANTI-AMERICANISM"

Sir,—Americans are lucky in seeing the threat to both national freedom and their way of life appear from the same quarter. Whether Mr. McCarthy is able to ride to power on the wave of hysteria created by over-emphasis on the former—at the expense of the latter—or not, the division in loyalties is not necessarily deep and the country can continue to oppose Communism and Russian expansionism single-mindedly.

We in India are not so fortunate. The few who have heard or read about Communism appreciate the danger to the intellectual's personal freedom and the people's traditions. Those who probe further see the inconsistency of a mechanistic political philosophy drawing its leadership from a small educated section whose sense of ethical values is violated by the appalling differences between rich and poor.

But the threat to national freedom (magnified by ineffaceable memories of foreign domination) is not only from the North. The danger of losing independence in all but name to the needs of U.S. world strategy seems more immediate. Recent events in Pondicherry and other French enclaves in India indicate that Western colonialism is still alive.

By propping up colonialism in the interests of military strategy, the United States has accentuated and widened the split between the two threats. We are being forced to choose between two evils; and a factor which will influence the choice is the memory that not only are personal freedoms lost under colonialism, but national self-respect as well.

Nationals of other Asian countries, who do not already find themselves placed forcibly on one side or other, are faced with the same agonising choice. In Europe, the split is less deep, but economic dependence on the United States increases sensitivity to a threat from the West, though overshadowed by that from the East.

For us, this is the root cause of anti-Americanism: that increasing U.S. acceptance of Mr. McCarthy's black-and-white school of political thinking makes a choice between the two more difficult—and yet increasingly necessary.

Ajit Bhattacharjea

8 Talkatora Road, New Delhi.

LABOUR AND THE BOMB

Sir,—The Churchill-Attlee argument in the House of Commons about the war-time agreement with America over the atom bomb leaves the main question unanswered. In *The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg* the specific statement is made that, as a condition of receiving Marshall Aid, Britain in January, 1948, released America from President Roosevelt's pledge that the U.S. would not use the bomb without British consent. The *Forrestal Diaries*, referring to the proposed use of the bomb, say that in 1947 America was "still bound by the secret Quebec agreement with Britain and Canada." If Vandenberg and Forrestal lied, Mr. Attlee should repudiate them. If they spoke the truth then the Labour leaders who proclaimed that Marshall Aid was given without strings owe us an explanation. For it was they who accused of "disloyalty" any who disagreed with their foreign policy.

Kingston-on-Thames. Gordon Schaffer

THE ARTIST AND SOCIETY

Sir,—After his criticism of the Henry Moore exhibition, Mr. Berger now tries his hand at that of Barbara Hepworth. This in itself would not be significant were it not for the fact that Mr. Berger's opinions are published in your journal. Consequently what he says cannot be treated in the same way as the kind of protests which emanate from the usual conservative quarters. For the first time since the 30's, in this country, a criticism of the Moderns comes from the Left.

Now Mr. Berger's previous contributions to your columns indicate very clearly that what he is attempting is a criticism of modern art as a whole. Individuals like Moore and Hepworth are simply means to this end. If he can find weaknesses in the gods, perhaps the whole heavens will tumble as well. But the Greeks were wiser than Mr. Berger. They knew the gods had weaknesses and made the necessary adjustments in their mythology!

However, it is first necessary to acknowledge that a criticism of modern art is perfectly justified; indeed it is urgently necessary. The moderns are so used to apologies, that proper criticism comes as something of a shock. That Mr. Berger has attempted such criticism is perfectly plain, and that much of what he says is true no honest person will deny. Where then does Mr. Berger err?

Before the war during the 30's, there appeared a book written by the American critic, Thomas Craven, entitled *Modern Art*. Here the author set out to "expose the sham" of the great names,

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like Picasso and Matisse, in a way which certainly drew blood. But when at the end it came to the business of the way forward and of reform, all we were shown was a tame traditional-style portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Now this is the same unfortunate predicament into which Mr. Berger has manoeuvred himself. Like Thomas Craven he has nothing to offer except crude reminiscences of 19th-century romanticism, and like a great many Marxist thinkers his outlook is still Victorian.

Now it cannot be emphasised too much that no constructive criticism of modern art can be made that does not recognise its historical function. The modern movement was not simply the product of a few irresponsible aesthetes, on the contrary it was an organic development arising out of specific needs—the need to meet new revolutionary ideas in all spheres of thought. The startling developments in science, mathematics and machine-power together with radical changes in social life and social environment were bound to have their effect on art. That the moderns faced this situation is alone their justification. It is Mr. Berger's complete failure to understand the historical function of modern art which makes his criticisms, for all their good sense and Left-wing association, no different in reality from those of Sir Alfred Munnings, who so aptly came to his support in the Moore controversy.

Blackheath, S.E.3. **Victor Pasmore**

Sir,—I think Mr. Keith Vaughan very reasonably misunderstood me because a paragraph was cut from my original article. In this paragraph I explained what I meant by Nature having a definite meaning for a society in general or a painter in particular. I said that a direct and imaginative attitude to Nature depended upon exactly the right balance between intimacy and detachment. And I then asked whether an urban society of beauty-spot trippers could produce landscape painting any more than a community of peasants. If the degree of urbanisation —both cultural and physical—is the critical factor involved, then I think there is a distinct difference between the late nineteenth century and today—just as there is still a difference between France and England, or even England and Scotland. To put it another way—there is a definite relationship between landscape painting and the role of agriculture in a society.

Of course the painter can work out a personal attitude to Nature but the fact that his paintings will then be unusually autobiographical will lead him to the sort of difficulties of communication I described: Lanyon's obscurity, Nash's inhibition. I think it is worth pointing this out, not to dismiss such artists but to show up the difficulties they face. Mr. Vaughan then goes on to say that “an artist cannot choose or manufacture the cultural environment he would like to live or work in.” He can, however, help to change his environment. Whether he does so by directly using his work to encourage social and political change, or by working more intimately, trying to re-establish, re-apply in a contemporary spirit the true values of the tradition he has inherited, is partly a matter of temperament. Both ways anyway demand respect. **John Berger**

ACCOMPLICES

Sir,—Your correspondent Leonard Kasler, who suggests that the airmen in the Montagu case are still liable to criminal prosecution by any member of the public, has overlooked the Royal Prerogative exercised through the Attorney General of entering a *nolle prosequi*. By this process any private prosecution could be stayed.

Section 2(3) of the Prosecution of Offences Act, 1908 reads: “Nothing *in the Prosecution of Offences Acts,* 1879 *and* 1884 *or in this Act* shall preclude any person from instituting or carrying on any criminal proceedings but the Director of Public Prosecutions many undertake at any stage the conduct of those proceedings if he thinks fit.” The words in italics, omitted by Mr. Kasler, make it clear that the Act cannot possibly be construed as abolishing the process of *nolle prosequi*.

A writ of mandamus is a process whereby in certain circumstances an official can be made to perform a function which he is by law obliged to perform. It is inappropriate to a task which the D.P.P. “may undertake . . . if he thinks fit.”

St. Albans. **B. W. Campbell**

HIDDEN CENSORSHIP

Sir,—As an elected member of the Libraries Committee of this City, I have followed this correspondence with great interest and entirely agree with your critics that there can be no justification whatever for operating an unofficial censorship of books within the City Hall. In my view, no committee member has any right to attempt to substitute his own standard of taste for that of the reading public, deplorable though he may sometimes privately think that standard may be.

He is, however, faced with another difficulty the nature of which, I feel, is not fully appreciated by your correspondents. Every Public Library has its cupboardful of books placed officially on “restricted issue”—which means that they can only be borrowed on personal application to the Librarian. In our own public library, the “Blue Chamber”—as it is charmingly referred to by the staff—contains works by Kinsey, Stopes and others of a familiar character which can be obtained by any responsible adult student if the Librarian is satisfied that he—or she—may safely be trusted with them. This is not in any sense a censorship of morals: it is simply to ensure that the book is reasonably likely to come back in safe, undamaged or undefaced condition.

Some years ago, I remember, the experiment of placing a popular book on sex education on the open shelves was made. But after three successive copies of the book had been borrowed and returned with the chapters on birth-control torn out, the Committee reluctantly decided that the only thing to be done was to place it under lock and key.

It is extremely difficult to know what to do about ratepayers who insist on working off their inhibitions in their library books. Religious fanatics are amongst the worst offenders: at one time the *Church Times* used regularly to be stolen from our news-room until the culprit could be traced. Popular sexy novels will, as often as not, be returned with their juicier passages heavily underscored in indelible pencil. If the offender can be discovered, he can, of course, be prosecuted under the bye-laws: but it is not always easy to find him.

Complaints from ratepayers (usually the same ones) about certain works of popular fiction are not infrequent, and to avoid repetition the temptation to take the easy road and simply hide the book away is very great. Committees, too, have their shockable members who are only too glad to seize any opportunity to impose their private opinions, in the name of “decency,” on the general body of citizens. I have no sympathy with them at all; at the same time the dilemma must be recognised. How are we to protect what is, after all, the property of the citizens against theft, or mutilation by a few irresponsible ratepayers?

Norwich. **N. R. Tillett**

“WE”

Sir,—The editorial “we” can be roughly identified, but whom do the poets mean by “we”? The question is prompted by a perusal of the poems you print by Elizabeth Jennings and Isobel Cumming. Surfacing after plunging into gloom, and calling themselves “we,” these ladies spout plaintively—on whose behalf? Their fellow contributors, humanity at large, or merely poets in general?

“There we sit and mope . . .”—change that “we” to “I” and nobody, however unmoved by the woes celebrated in such mournful numbers, could object, but as the line stands it makes too large a claim.

Wordsworth, it will be recalled, shed the “we” when he snapped out of his fit of depression: “Great God, I'd rather be a Pagan . . .” May we (that “we” representing, I dare suppose, most of your normally constituted readers) hope that now Spring is here your poets will emulate Wordsworth in trying to catch glimpses that will make them less forlorn.

Daniel George

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Books in General

It used to be the fashion to contrast the unification of Germany and of Italy. In Italy idealism; in Germany *realpolitik*. In Italy the spread of parliamentary liberalism; in Germany the triumph of the Prussian army. Bismarck appeared always in a general's tunic, ruthless, unscrupulous, a master of force and dishonesty. Cavour was the civilian statesman, relying on parliamentary speeches for his success. The failure of the German radicals was lamented; but there were few to regret the failure of Mazzini or Garibaldi. They were impractical dreamers who did not understand the greatness of Cavour; and it was a good thing for Italy when they were shipped off, Garibaldi to Caprera, Mazzini back to exile in London. More recently, Cavour has had a bad press. His private correspondence has at last been published (it is now almost complete); and his own words have shown him to be much more like Bismarck, much less like Gladstone, than used to be supposed. He wielded the weapons of traditional diplomacy with incomparable skill, but also with incomparable lack of principle; and Metternich turns out to have been his examplar as well as his enemy.

Cavour did not care much about the unification of Italy, or at any rate ranked it low in his scale of values. Himself with little national feeling, preferring to speak and write in French, his deepest concern was for moderate liberalism. He wanted a free press, free trade, and a parliament based on limited suffrage, first in Piedmont and then perhaps in northern Italy. But he did not regard the unification of the whole peninsula as a noble idea or believe that it would of itself bring about a moral regeneration. He had nothing but contempt for idealists like Mazzini and could have said with Bismarck: "The great questions of our day will not be settled by speeches and majority resolutions but by blood and iron." What he lacked in blood and iron he made up for in deceit. The Italian question was for him a problem in European diplomacy, not a matter of national sentiment. He hardly thought about the Italian people except to fear them. His thoughts were concentrated on Napoleon III. And the later observer must confess that the unification of Italy might well have been impossible, unless Napoleon III had been brought in to defeat Austria in 1859. After all, the victory of nationalism was not inevitable. Poland had to wait until the twentieth century, despite a much stronger national sentiment; the Ukraine waits to the present day.

We still need a history of Italian unification from the European angle. Professor Valsecchi of Milan is writing it; but so far he has only got to the early days of the Crimean war. Meanwhile, Mr. Mack Smith has given us a new version of the story at a later stage*—the stage of 1860, when Lombardy and central Italy had been united to Piedmont, but when the Two Sicilies and the Papal States (to say nothing of Venetia) had still to be liberated. This was the moment of greatest contrast between Cavour's reliance on diplomacy and the faith of the radicals in their own ideals. Cavour still feared the intervention of "the Holy Alliance," still pinned his calculations to the favour of Napoleon. Garibaldi believed that the entire peninsula could be brought together by a spontaneous outburst of national enthusiasm; and he thought the prize worth any risk. He was determined to act somewhere—against Austria in Venetia, against Rome despite its French garrison, or, when Sicily rebelled, against the Bourbon kingdom of the Two Sicilies. It used to be held that Cavour secretly encouraged Garibaldi and was in alliance with him. The truth is less creditable. He pushed Garibaldi off to Sicily in order to get him out of the way and in the hope that failure would ruin the radicals once and for all. Instead, Garibaldi succeeded beyond his wildest dreams; and Cavour had to sweep up the pieces of a policy in ruins.

Mr. Mack Smith has produced a surprising book to come out of Cambridge. He acknowledges his debt to Professor Butterfield; and one would have expected praise of Cavour and condemnation of Garibaldi from a member of this neo-Machiavellian group. But not at all. With brilliant, though well-founded, perversity, Mr. Mack Smith turns things upside down. It is Garibaldi who was the realist, arriving at the right conclusions by instinct, and Cavour who was the dogmatic muddler. Mr. Mack Smith is perhaps a little unfair to Cavour. As things turned out, Italy in 1860 was able "to do it herself," as she had mistakenly boasted she would in 1848; and Europe counted for little. But this could not have been foreseen when the Thousand sailed. Napoleon III still seemed to dominate Europe, his decay lay far in the future; and Cavour was not the only man to fear the might of France. Moreover he was right on one essential point, the question of Rome. Rome dominated the Italian problem; and even Garibaldi went to Sicily principally in order to reach Rome by the back door. Yet the French could be got out of Rome only by diplomacy, not by force; and for the sake of Italy Garibaldi had to fail before he reached Rome, unless the Pope had already withdrawn—and the French along with him. Moreover, Mr. Mack Smith underrates the danger that Austria, Prussia and Russia would come together in resistance to "the revolution." They nearly did when they met at Warsaw in October, 1860; and they were prevented more by the diplomacy of Napoleon III (and hence indirectly of Cavour) than by Garibaldi's success in the south.

Still, by and large, the emphasis is put the right way. Cavour was blinded by his rigid hostility towards the radicals. He saw in them only "the social peril," and was convinced that anarchy must follow their victory. His primary object was that Garibaldi should fail; only in the second place did he want Italy to be united. This view divided him not only from the radicals, but even from his king, Victor Emanuel, who was ready "to become simple *monsu Savoia* and clap his hands at Mazzini's success if this sacrifice were necessary for the making of Italy." Yet Cavour's own policy was more Utopian than that of any radical. He imagined that Italy could be brought into being solely by the moderate liberals—the most useless of all classes in a revolution. Ricasoli's ruthlessness made this policy work in central Italy; but in the south there was nothing between the aristocracy and the masses. The few middle-class lawyers there supported unification only in order to get the courts open again; they would not fight for it, and Garibaldi succeeded by rousing the masses. This was a social revolution against the land-owners—a revolution which Garibaldi exploited for the national cause. He had no social programme, despite his emotional sympathy with the peasants and despite Cavour's suspicions; and he allowed them to fall under the rule of a harsher, more rigid Piedmontese bureaucracy without ever understanding how he had betrayed them.

Cavour always suspected Garibaldi; Garibaldi never suspected Cavour. This is the central theme of the whole affair. Of course, Garibaldi disliked Cavour and resented his cession of Nice to Napoleon III; but he thought that, just as he had dropped his republicanism, Cavour would drop his hostility to the radicals for the sake of united Italy. If the radicals united Italy, this would certainly weaken Cavour and perhaps even lead to his fall; but again Garibaldi, being ready to make the greatest personal sacrifices on his side, could not understand that Cavour would not do the same. Cavour, like Bismarck, regarded himself as indispensable; when he proved unyielding on this, everyone had to give way to him in the last resort—and Italy paid the price. Garibaldi put Italy first; Cavour put himself first. Therefore Cavour was bound to win in the end, despite the great advantages which Garibaldi accumulated in Sicily and Naples.

For they were great advantages. The liberation of the Two Sicilies seems easy in retrospect; we almost fail to notice that it needed a leader of genius to accomplish it. European radicalism produced three great dictators—Kossuth in Hungary, Mazzini in Rome, Garibaldi in the Two Sicilies. Garibaldi was the least intellectual of the three, with few ideas and unable to formulate even these clearly. Yet he was easily the most successful. He evoked from the people and even from the politicians a personal devotion almost without parallel in modern history; again and again he chose the right course by instinct; and he showed himself, as Mr. Mack Smith emphasises, the greatest general that Italy has ever produced. In the late summer of 1860 Sicily was a true radical paradise, radiating the hope—or perhaps the illusion—that every evil legacy of the past had been swept away. Cavour was not the serpent in this garden of Eden; Garibaldi's success had eclipsed him for the time being. The real trouble was that Garibaldi and the people of Sicily were at cross-purposes. They supposed that he had brought them freedom; he looked on Sicily only as the first halt on the road to Rome. Both alike resisted Cavour's plan for an immediate annexation of Sicily to the kingdom of Sardinia. But the Sicilians wanted permanent autonomy for their island; Garibaldi and his radical supporters wished to use Sicily as a base for further successes. Once Garibaldi had crossed to the mainland and carried all before him, he lost interest in Sicily; and it irritated him to have to return, in order to settle the internal conflicts. Even in Naples, he listened impatiently to the republican arguments of Mazzini and the federalist schemes of Cattaneo. The march on Rome was the only thing that interested him.

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* *Cavour and Garibaldi 1860. A Study in Political Conflict.* By D. Mack Smith. *Cambridge.* 45s.

The resistance of the Neapolitan army on the Volturno gave Cavour his chance. He was able to stop Garibaldi just in time. He acted no doubt cynically and basely, discrediting Garibaldi unjustifiably with the King and killing the idealism of the radical movement. But there was something wrong with a radicalism which could think only of further battles. The radicals had an aggressive foreign policy; they improvised casually in home affairs. Mr. Mack Smith is inclined to regret that Sicily and even Naples did not survive as autonomous radical states. Was Cavour alone to blame? After all he had only another six months to live; and the radicals had plenty of chance in the future if they could take it. They never made much of it; and Italy has been kept going (so far as it goes at all) by hard-headed officials of Cavour's stamp. Idealists make revolutions; practical men come afterwards and clear up the mess. Garibaldi was luckier than most revolutionary leaders. He remained an idealist to the end of the chapter. If Cavour had not existed, Garibaldi must either have failed or have ended by playing the part of Cavour himself. Perhaps it was Cavour who made the greatest sacrifice after all. Garibaldi returned to Caprera; Cavour remained in power.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

AFTER THE DRAMA

DUKE: Bear him away. This villainy will be
Remembered only as a moral tale
To warn our children. Come, my delicate pair:
To bed. Your pleasure's long been waiting there.

The curtain falls, the Duke removes his whiskers,
And there is no controlling force to ensure
That wrong is punished, and that happiness
Discovers youth and beauty powerless.

In the wings the gaolers have unhanded Cano,
The lovers separate with indifference,
And no philosophy can dissipate
For the tired Duke the sordid cares that wait.

The blue sky is dismantled: the lights go out.
Actors and audience become congruent.
And in the freezing street the newsboys cry
The frightful art that all must live and die.

The play's rich ambiguities assume
A rule of conduct in the viewer's mind;
Its subtle music fades as soon as uttered.
Now the great portals of the place are shuttered,

And the playbills flap to nothing in the wind.
Has here, too, some wise ruler lent his power
To an ambitious devil that at last
Will face the formal gathering of his past;

And find prevented his high-sounding rapes,
His avarice unmasked he named the social
Order, and see what half he always feared—
The unconsidered man resume his beard?

ROY FULLER

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A GREAT MAN

The Second World War: Triumph and Tragedy, Vol. VI. By SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL. *Cassell.* 30*s*.

With this, the sixth and last volume of Sir Winston's war memoirs in our hands, it is possible to form a judgment on the work as a whole. Few critics, I think, will dare to claim that it can stand comparison with his two great books on the first World War and its aftermath. They too bore all the marks of history written by a passionately prejudiced participant. But in itself, that is not a fatal defect; after all, Thucydides was an unsuccessful general in the Peloponnesian war. Prejudice can indeed be a positive advantage in the writing of contemporary history on one condition: that the participant retains a certain detachment and is able to judge events—even his own actions—from a strong and consistent viewpoint. It is embarrassingly clear that in writing about World War II, Sir Winston has failed to fulfil this condition. Throughout, his purpose has been not judicial but rhetorical: to select, and if necessary gild, his facts in order to present his own case for posterity. *The Second World War* is not a work of contemporary history, but a florid portrait of the artist as a great man. Historians will have to read it for what it tells them, not about facts, but about the author. Read in his way, it reveals the role in world politics which Sir Winston would have played if history had let him do so.

This concluding volume starts with the invasion of Normandy and ends abruptly when Sir Winston ceased to be Prime Minister in the middle of the Potsdam Conference. It contains, therefore, Sir Winston's version of what happened in those crucial last months of the war which determined the character of the peace that followed. With victory certain, strategy once again became the servant of foreign policy; what mattered now was not the course of the campaign but the new relationship between the victorious allies.

Sir Winston's version has already been written, at greater length and a good deal more cogently, by the late Chester Wilmot in *The Struggle for Europe*. He claims that, unlike Mr. Roosevelt, he foresaw the threat of Communist imperialism, and sought to forestall it. Hence the British campaign against Elas in Greece; hence the vain attempt to substitute an advance into Austria for the futile invasion of Southern France. Hence his desperate effort to dissuade Mr. Truman from surrendering those great areas of the Russian zone of Germany overrun by American troops. The containment of Communism promulgated in the Fulton speech was progressively adopted as American policy after the spring of 1947. According to *Triumph and Tragedy* it was Churchillian policy in 1944.

Of course, there is some truth in this thesis. Roosevelt grossly over-estimated his own capacity to handle Stalin, and he failed to realise that once he had admitted at Yalta that the U.S. was determined to withdraw from Europe within two years, his influence on the Kremlin would disappear. After Yalta the Russians assumed that Europe would come their way, and the French and British Empires would disintegrate without American protest. Sir Winston can certainly claim both that he foresaw this danger and that it filled him with despondency. But is he right to boast that he anticipated the policy of containment?

The best evidence he can produce is the British action in Greece, and the two chapters in which he describes the part he himself played are far the most interesting in the book. Months before, he had decided to smash Elas if it resisted the return of the Royalist government. By the end of November it was clear that Elas would resist, and on December 4, late at night and on his own sole authority, he telegraphed General Scobie in the following terms:

> You are responsible for maintaining order in Athens and for neutralising or destroying all Elas bands approaching the city. . . . It would be well, of course, if your command were reinforced by the authority of some Greek Government and Papandreau is being told to stop and help. Do not, however, hesitate to act as if you were in a conquered city where a local rebellion is in progress.

On December 9, after violently objecting to Mr. Leeper's proposal that Archbishop Damaskinos should be made Regent, he sent yet another telegram:

> I do not yield to passing clamour, and will always stand with those who execute their instructions with courage and precision. In Athens and everywhere else our maxim is No Peace without Victory.

Finally, in order to leave no shadow of doubt, he appends the following reflections:

> I felt grave concern about the whole business but I was sure that there could be no room for doubts or hedging. I had in my mind Arthur Balfour's celebrated telegrams in the 80s to the British in Ireland: "Don't hesitate to shoot." . . . . It was one of the key stepping-stones by which Balfour advanced to power and control.

This romantic picture of the first anti-Communist crusade will, no doubt, increase Sir Winston's popularity among the Republicans in America. Unfortunately, it does not conform with the facts. In the first place, the slogan "No Peace Without Victory" had to be scrapped as soon as the Prime Minister arrived in Athens at Christmastime. Only by discarding the Royalist Government and permitting the Archbishop to be made Regent with the consent of Elas, was a British defeat averted. In the second place, during Sir Winston's visit to Moscow in the previous October, he had done a deal with Stalin which gave him a free hand in Greece in exchange for a Russian free hand in Rumania and Bulgaria. Sir Winston admits that Stalin strictly observed this agreement, permitting Elas to go down unaided and forbidding even a squeak of criticism from *Pravda* or *Isvestia*. Why Stalin did this became clear after Yalta. When Britain and America protested against the outrageous behaviour of the Russians in Poland, he was able to quote Greece against them. If Sir Winston had felt it necessary to smash a popular rising and impose a "friendly" government in faraway Athens, how could he protest effectively when the Soviet Union did the same in Warsaw a few hundred miles from the Russian frontier? Thus, the romantic ruthlessness of the Greek incident set the tone for future relations between the allies. Moreover, it destroyed the moral position of the Western democracies and brought them down to a level on which the totalitarian has all the advantages. When it comes to smashing popular movements and imposing "friendly" governments, the Communists come out top every time. It is depressing in reading these chapters to see that eight years of cold war have taught Sir Winston so little. Instead of learning the terrible lesson of Greece, he actually improves the story in order to prove himself a premature anti-Communist.

The second test of Churchillian foresight was, of course, Germany. If Sir Winston was really concerned to stop Russian expansion, he must have opposed German dismemberment. What steps then did he take to oppose Vansittart? Here many of the facts are so unambiguously against him that they cannot be fitted into the portrait he paints. They are, therefore, omitted. On page 25 Sir Winston mentions in one isolated paragraph that a rising took place in Germany on July 20. He does not tell us that the conspirators had been in contact with the British Government for many months, and that neither before nor after the *putsch* did he permit any distinction to be drawn between them and the Nazis. Had he done so the conspiracy might well have succeeded and shortened the war by one year. A hundred pages later he gives an even more disingenuous account of the Quebec Conference at which he initialled the Morgenthau Plan:

> At first I violently opposed the idea. But the President, with Mr. Morgenthau—from whom we had much to ask—was so insistent that in the end we agreed to consider it. The so-called Morgenthau Plan which I had not time to examine in detail seems to have carried these ideas to an ultra-

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logical conclusion. Even if it had been practicable, I do not think it would have been right to depress Germany's standard of life in such a way; but at that time . . . it did not seem unfair to agree that her manufacturing capacity need not be revived beyond what was required to give her the same standards of life as her neighbours. All this was, of course, subject to the full consideration of the War Cabinet.

Here again it is the omissions which are revealing. Sir Winston gives the impression that he conceded nothing to Mr. Morgenthau. In fact, immediately after the Quebec Conference a new, two-clause directive was issued to General Eisenhower. The first clause forbade any economic reconstruction in occupied Germany except such as was necessary to prevent actual revolt. The second made non-fraternisation obligatory on the British and American armies, with the result that German anti-Nazis were treated as though they were criminals. Sir Winston fails to mention this directive, but records a minute of his own written on June 5th, 1945, in which he criticises its appalling consequences in Western Germany. If he had consistently held the views to which he now lays claim, his support of Vansittartism and repudiation of the German Resistance Movement would have been criminal folly. In fact, he did not hold them consistently. He had become enamoured of total war as an end in itself—and so had Roosevelt. Instead of imposing a sane policy on the soldiers, both of them wasted their time dabbling in amateur strategy. Both of them also spurned as an appeaser anyone who tried to limit the destruction of the enemy and even dared to suggest a negotiated peace. This, and not any failure to forestall the Russian menace, was the real crime of Western statesmanship. Only when it was far too late did Sir Winston begin to see that the consequences of the total victory he had blindly sought would be a vacuum in Europe which democracy was ill-equipped to fill.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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DARWIN WAS RIGHT

Evolution as a Process. By JULIAN HUXLEY, A. C. HARDY, E. B. FORD. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s*.

Animal Species and their Evolution. By A. J. CAIN. *Hutchinson.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

Scientists who are concerned with evolution fall into two classes who may be represented by these two books. There are those who, like most of the contributors following Dr. Huxley, are concerned to find out what is actually happening in the seething mass of plants and animals from generation to generation. They are studying the process of evolution in order to discover principles and construct a theory. And there are those who, like Dr. Cain, are concerned with the results of this process as shown in the similarities and differences between organisms. They are happy to use such pieces of evolutionary theory as they can find to help them in classifying and naming species, the task which is their direct interest. It is the first group, however, whose ideas are of general concern.

The main conclusion of the nineteen articles in *Evolution as a Process* is that Darwin was right in principle. The origin of species (or evolution, to use Spencer's broader term) occurs as a result of a process of natural selection. This selection distinguishes between species, races, individuals (and, one might add, between cells) which leave more progeny and those different ones which leave less progeny or even, through their sterility or early death, none at all. The differences concerned arise and are maintained by heredity. In consequence there is continual change and diversification in the character of the animals and plants inhabiting the earth. So that from a single simple beginning there have grown up the whole wealth and variety of life.

This story sounds simple enough. But the catch comes in the word *heredity*. Darwin admitted that he did not know what the word meant. It was indeed, his weak spot. Only after the rediscovery of Mendel's papers in 1900 did people begin to know what heredity meant. And it was only in 1929 that this knowledge led to a solution of one of Darwin's chief problems by R. A. Fisher (a solution to which he adds an appendix in the present volume).

It is a paradox that in spite of this weak spot in the foundations of Darwinism the immense discoveries of experimental breeding should, not merely have left undamaged, but rather have vastly strengthened the theory of evolution by natural selection. The reason is that Darwin had induced his principles from a parallel body of observations. These consisted in the documented records of the effects of selection on species of plants and animals in domestication. Here he could see evolution ready made. He could therefore risk jumping over the detailed steps of the argument about heredity. He could make mistakes in them with a fair chance of reaching the right evolutionary conclusion. It is only since about 1929 that we have known he was justified in doing so and in applying his one great idea of natural selection.

Within this common ground of agreement violent differences of opinion are possible. The present reviewer would utterly repudiate Dr. Huxley's statement (p. 5) that "natural selection . . . can only produce results which are of immediate biological utility to the species." This was certainly Darwin's view. But now it seems that the mechanism of heredity and reproduction has evolved by natural selection. And fertile reproduction benefits only future generations. Its utility is sometimes far from immediate.

This book however is concerned with applications rather than principles, and with applications of a well-established kind. The last twenty years do not make a full showing. Plants, micro-organisms and viruses appear very little. The evolution of parasitism and disease is omitted. The chromosomes whose changes underlie all evolution are taken very much for granted. Evolution in society and, most fundamental of all, in reproduction and heredity, are illustrated by elegant examples from birds. But their importance as principles in the solution of Darwin's difficulties does not appear.

The consideration of these perhaps more recondite matters would have supported Huxley's contention, which is the argument of the book, that there is one unitary process of evolution. Today the position is that we can go much further than Huxley. For Darwinian, Mendelian and chromosome theory is now one theory, the theory which we call genetics. It is a theory which is continually expanding and in consequence continually uniting at more and more points with the physical sciences. And as a single coherent framework of ideas, hypotheses and predictions it is applied with success in every field of the study of life.

C. D. DARLINGTON

THE SKULL DRINKER

Petrus Borel: The Lycanthrope. By ENID STARKIE. *Faber.* 21*s*.

The work and the name of Petrus Borel have long been forgotten outside the academic world. For a short time he was one of those figures who—to the astonishment of later generations—dominate a literary movement, become leaders of the young because of something magnetic, fanatical or picturesque in their personality, and who are suddenly extinguished by lack of capacity. Miss Starkie assures us he was an original poet and that "he was incapable of compromising with his artistic standards for the sake of gain" in a dull age when this kind of corruption paid. He had also "a hatred of injustice and intolerance which became ridiculous only because he lacked judgment. His compassion for those who failed had something in it of Baudelaire's, though it tended, at times, to become a kind of nostalgia for failure." He remained a "groupist" too long, without the intent to develop beyond that, whereas the great writers sooner or later break their ties; certainly it seems incredible to a later generation that a writer like Gautier regarded Borel as a leader and could speak of him "as the living incarnation of the spirit of poetry," though we may reflect that poetry incarnated with his intensity, is not apt to get written as well.

Very little is known of Borel's life and if Miss Starkie had not digressed into some account of the orgiastic scenes and extravagant figures of the 1830s her material would have been thin. She is an informative writer, brisk rather than sensitive. Her Borel is, in many ways, a familiar type, specially in the history of French literary movements. His adoption of the legend of the Lycanthrope, his life in a circle of necrologists, satanists, dandies, nudists and noisy extravagants who called themselves bouzingos, his desire to shock the bourgeoisie of the Louis Philippe period, are exactly the material that contemporaries never fail to gild. Borel is not reliable on the subject of his own life. He claimed to be of aristocratic descent, but it turns out that he was the son of an ironmonger. His appearance favoured him. The Romantics had a passion for Spain and Borel had the luck to look very Spanish and to be very handsome with it: Gautier speaks of his hooded eyes, his faintly golden skin. He was the model Byronic "*homme fatal*," melancholy and boasting of outrageous love affairs, brilliant in conversation, arrogant in manner, shocking in his paradoxes. But this was in his youth. By thirty-five he was finished. Neglected, broken, starving, he was pushed into a job in the colonial administration of Algeria, turned out to be incompetent, got persecution mania, accused everyone of corruption publicly without troubling to collect evidence, and was in the end dismissed as an impossible nuisance. It is a sad end for a man who clearly had some distinctive quality, but the old beaches of the cruel sea of literature are strewn with human wreckage. The obsession of talent is

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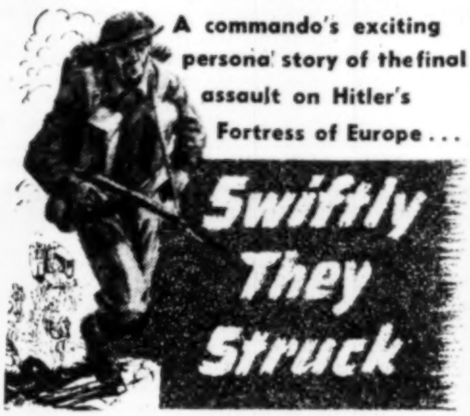
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there, but the dream outruns the capacity and ends by poisoning the character.

The young generation of the 1830s can be regarded, Miss Starkie suggests, as a war generation; at least this can be said of those who had spent their childhood in the worst years of the Napoleonic era, "in an atmosphere of impending doom, in the midst of increasing bad news. Their parents were weary of war, disgusted with tyranny and despairing of the future." When the children grew up they developed a passion for destroying everything and leaving no trace of the past. Strange new cults sprung up, for example, the new religion called *Evadisme*, named after Eve, which was to emancipate women. The prophet of the cult was called Mapah—a name made from the words *maman* and *papa*. The "new woman," under these auspices became a cigar- or pipe-smoking, trousered lady and a heavy drinker. Their young men sought damnation and hell; their favourite novels were the literature of the morgue, "a hangman's nightmare." The cholera that seized Paris in this period, added the delights of necrology; Borel drank out of a skull and it was indispensable to add that this was the skull of one's dead mistress. Wild, indeed orgiastic, dancing became the rage, the popular saturnalia went to fantastic lengths, and to annoy the bourgeois by sitting up all night making an appalling noise was considered *avant garde*. "Sometimes the Borel set would drape a dressmaker's dummy in a shroud and throw it into the street, saying it was a corpse which they had dug up in the cemetery." And among the artists and in society moved the dandies, protesting, by their uselessness and extravagance, against bourgeois materialism, and using imaginary and high-sounding names. Jehan du Seigneur with his hair brushed up into a peak from two side-partings, who wore a tight black velvet doublet laced up at the back; Eugène Devéria who dressed like a Spanish grandee; Ourlioff in Cossack boots; Bonchordy in blue with gold buttons; the two brothers nicknamed Le Gothic and Le Christ, in light blue cloaks lined with pink and fastened by pearl buttons the size of a crown piece. In this extravagant world Borel was the acclaimed "*maître des étonnements*," performing rites for which Paris has been, at one time and another, the perfect setting. No other bourgeoisie in the world would have consented to be so thoroughly *épaté*-d. The parallel with the Twenties will not escape the reader. If he takes the trouble to turn from Miss Starkie's instructive book to Gautier's reminiscences of the period, he will add to his pleasure; but I doubt if anyone, however interested, will push on to Borel's short horror stories which, Miss Starkie tells us, show his limited talent at its most accomplished.

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A YOUNGER TURK

A Village in Anatolia. By MAHMUT MAKAL. *Vallentine, Mitchell.* 18*s.*

From a far-flung outpost of N.A.T.O. comes the voice of a home-grown critic. Home-grown he is with a vengeance, for Mr. Makal, a young Turkish schoolmaster—he was nineteen when his first book was published in 1950—not only speaks of the country life in which he was reared, but appraises it by the reformist standards he was taught at his Village Institute. The effect of the Turkish Village Institute, when it gets hold of a young man of Mr. Makal's calibre, seems to be an example of unintended consequences. The Institute (at least in Mr. Makal's schooldays) set out, through five years' modern education, to train peasant boys and girls in a rural environment which would not estrange them from their families and friends and the life they knew. But, by giving its pupils no means of matching their westernising ideals against any kind of reality in which these ideals have been applied, it could lead the bright boy to gird at his village society as though it were the most benighted enclave of backwardness in a new world given over to democracy, secularism, and the blessings of a highly developed technology.

Mr. Makal's outspoken book became a record best-seller in Turkey. It apparently landed him in gaol for supposed subversive tendencies. Public opinion, happily, did not allow him to languish there. He was released; he was covered with glory; but, modestly, he went back to country schoolmastering—and wrote a second book. From his two books his English publishers have made one, calling on Sir Wyndham Deedes for a translation, Professor Lewis V. Thomas (of Princeton) for a Foreword, and Dr. Paul Stirling for an editorial Introduction and notes.

The array of scholarship is to prevent us getting a false impression. Mr. Makal, we are assured, although manifestly an honest man, exaggerates; he writes of an especially poor area of Turkey; he describes, in effect, unusual famine conditions; he looks at peasant life through the naive eyes of the theoretical reformer; things have much improved since he wrote. Not only are we furnished with a background against which to see *A Village in Anatolia*, but also, by the cutting of some particularly strong passages, we are deprived of opportunities for the exercise of our misunderstanding. In the Introduction and the notes there is welcome and very fortunate scholarship, for Dr. Stirling knows as a social anthropologist the precise area of Anatolia which Mr. Makal describes as an enthusiast. (Dr. Stirling has further enhanced the value of the book by his informative photographs.)

It is the greater pity, therefore, that the scholarship was not carried further. The original text has been partly rearranged; we are not told how. There is no indication of the places where the cuts have been made nor of their extent. I have been able to make a quick comparison of the first part of the book with an unpublished translation of the Turkish text, and, as far as I can see, apart from a few sentences with particularly jagged edges, only a high episode concerned with lousiness has been omitted. For Sir Wyndham Deedes's translation I cannot, of course, vouch. It reads pleasantly enough and squares with the other version I have seen, but I am set to wondering by the following sentence: "There's a book you may know, of Carnegie's, that says: 'Give up grieving; look to your life.'" Mr. Dale Carnegie? Should not the advice be more colloquially self-helpful? (On the evidence of Mr. Makal's book, by the way, we may infer that Turkey's rural intelligentsia conjures with Professor Toynbee's name as well as Carnegie's.)

The note of caution having been struck for us, we must read this book with care. But, strangely enough, for all his simplicity and uninformed idealism, Mr. Makal has the dry humour of a tempered artist. The squalor, irrationality, and conservatism of peasant life are not his only targets; bureaucracy frustrates him and he reacts with a sharp pen. For example, the Inspector comes to one of the meetings of schoolmasters in the local Education Office and, instead of discussing educational problems, rebukes those teachers who have dared to go to town without leave and submitted petitions to the District Governor.

> He said a few more things of the same kind, and then disappeared; and the National Education Officer recorded as the first item in the minutes of the meeting: "The practice of going to District Headquarters without leave."
>
> Then I spoke up. I described the state of our own school building, and asked what was the official opinion of its condition. The officer replied: "You're always writing about that school and talking about it. You'd better understand—there's nothing doing . . . Go and do your lessons in whatever hole you can find; if you can't teach, eat the villagers' eggs, sit on your bottom and keep quiet."
>
> This second item he then recorded as follows: "Concerning the structure of schools, where deficient: Information given."

There is no chance of Mr. Makal becoming a best-seller in this country, because his scandals are national, but he should be read by those with an interest in the "underdeveloped" East, with an eye for peasant society, and with the curiosity to know how ghastly country life can look to a villager whose imagination is fired by the big words and fine ideas of the encroaching West. It is sad, but it is also funny.

MAURICE FREEDMAN

THE AGE OF REASON

French Liberal Thought in the Eighteenth Century. By KINGSLEY MARTIN. Edited by J. P. MAYER. *Turnstile Press.* 21*s.*

The eighteenth century in France begins in 1685, with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the bill of rights of His Catholic Majesty's Protestant subjects, and ends with the summoning of the States-General in 1788. The single outstanding feature of that era is the growing putrefaction of the *Ancien Régime* and its insistence that the seventeenth century was not over and that Louis XIV was not dead. Of that putrefaction, the best proof is the fact that after Bossuet, no one worth notice seriously defended the values upon which the *régime* rested. In the field of ideas, the eighteenth century wholly belongs to the long line of critics who, from Jurieu and Bayle to Holbach and Condorcet, helped to deliver France into the hands of the Revolution.

The line is not, of course, a straight one. As Mr. Martin shows, the strands of eighteenth-century thought were diverse and complex; there is little that is outwardly similar between the stark faith of Jurieu and the polished atheism of Holbach; between the austere Utopianism of Morelly and the Physiocracy of Quesnay; or between the iconoclastic wit of Voltaire and the tortured romanticism of Rousseau. But distant in time and ideas though the early opponents of the régime were from its last gravediggers, and much though the *philosophes* differed among themselves, the twin *infâmes*, the absolute Monarchy and the Church, upon which their attacks inevitably concentrated, gave a unity to their endeavours which overshadows their differences. Political thought is inexplicable save in the context of economic, social and political history and it is not the least merit of Mr. Martin's book, now reprinted with minor alterations and a new bibliography, that it skilfully relates the ideas of the Enlightenment to the circumstances which gave them birth.

Mr. Martin's study was first published in 1929 and, since every age reinterprets past ideas in the light of its own experience, it is not surprising that the following decades which have witnessed infamies so much greater than those perpetrated by the *Ancien Régime* should have seen the *philosophes* indicted as outrageous *simplificateurs*, naive optimists and woolly-minded rationalists. Much, it is true, may be said against the *philosophes*. Most of them were not systematic thinkers and much of their message has, on close analysis, a brittleness which has not resisted the passage of time. The psychology which they took over from Locke was inevitably inadequate; their philosophy of progress was indeed naive; their sociology was primitive and their grasp of the methods of science unsure. Nor were their political nostrums inspiring, which is hardly to be wondered at, since their age had no politics, only palace factions, even as England has no politics, only political parties. It is also true that their ardent faith in the potentialities of Man did not encompass faith in the potentialities of the majority of their flesh and blood fellow-countrymen. The *philosophes* drew a careful distinction between the People and the populace, "*cette populace imbécile privée de lumières*" as Holbach called it. They hoped much from benevolent despots, not least from Louis XVI himself who refused to play the part they had assigned to him. Their political judgment is best inferred from the fact that Voltaire thought something could be done with Frederick the Great and Diderot with Catherine of Russia.

Yet, when all this and much else has been said, there remains a great deal in the writings of the political *littérateurs* and moralists of the Age of Reason which has permanent meaning. They stood for a tolerant humanism against a repressive Church, for reason and knowledge against ignorance and superstition, for civil equality against arbitrariness, for social function against parasitic privilege. Bayle's *Dictionnaire* and the *Encyclopédie* may be unreadable today, but they stand as permanent monuments to man's struggle to control his destiny. Nor did the *philosophes* merely nurse their beliefs in the solitude of the study; by the third quarter of the century, their unremitting propaganda had conquered the mind of literate France and made their generation share their belief that what they stood for was the condition of civilized living. Given the forces arrayed against them, theirs is an achievement unparalleled by any other intellectual group in modern history.

The extent to which the Revolution was indebted to the *philosophes* is one of those questions which will never be settled. That they laid the foundations of what Mr. Martin calls the revolutionary creed is of course obvious. But it is worth noting that the *philosophes* themselves were extraordinarily free from revolutionary purpose. If they were preparing a revolution, they were certainly not aware of it and of all the might-have-beens in history, their fate, had they survived to see the Revolution, is one of the most tantalizing. Only Raynal, a minor light in the philosophical firmament, and Condorcet (not to speak of the last of the *philosophes*, Mr. Martin himself) did manage to survive, and it is interesting that Raynal damned the Revolution and that Condorcet anticipated the executioner by committing suicide. Furthermore, it is clear that the Revolution did much more than take over the creed of the eighteenth century. Although revolutionary literature is full of references to "*le divin Rousseau*" and "*le génial Montesquieu*," the categories in which the revolutionaries had to deal were not the categories of the eighteenth century. Much though they took from the *philosophes*, they were compelled to play the Revolution, as all revolutions must always be played, not with a score, but by ear.

The *philosophes* did not kill the *Ancien Régime*; it perversely insisted on committing suicide. But they destroyed its balance of mind, and Mr. Martin's admirable analysis of how they did it is what makes his book still the best introduction in English to the thought and ideals of the French Enlightenment.

RALPH MILIBAND

NEW NOVELS

The Face of Time. By JAMES T. FARRELL. *Spearman & Calder.* 15*s.*

Leopards and Lilies. By ALFRED DUGGAN. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Fever in Mexico. By PIERRE FISSON. Translated by MERVYN SAVILL. *Dukers.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

It is twenty years since Mr. James T. Farrell completed his trilogy on the life of a lower middle-class Irish boy in Chicago, *Studs Lonigan*. It is one of the most depressing novels ever written, and one of the honestest and most disturbing. In the character of Studs, the imaginative youth with nothing in his environment worthy of the response of his imagination, so that his mind becomes sodden with dreams of the seedy violence of the films and the pulp-magazines, one aspect of American civilisation is caught and fixed for good. Indeed, one aspect of American civilisation is arraigned with a cold power, a controlled passion, unlikely to be surpassed. To *Studs Lonigan* Mr. Farrell prefixed a quotation from Plato: "Except in the case of some rarely gifted nature there never will be a good man who has not from his childhood been used to play amid things of beauty and make of them a joy and a study."

Mr. Farrel is a novelist of Megalopolis as Mumford has defined it, a novelist of the great barren urban agglomerations from which the things of beauty that should surround the child are so strikingly absent. His Megalopolis is Chicago, and he is at his best when dealing with those whom Megalopolis has defeated. He returns to them in *The Face of Time*. Technically, he is a belated Naturalist, a Dreiser who has learnt from Joyce, though he has little of Dreiser's tragic sense and nothing of Joyce's feeling for words. Yet—and it is not quite easy to see why—he manages to produce in *The Face of Time* an effect of beauty. There is nothing in the least remarkable either in matter or manner; one could well say that it was all too predictable. Mr. Farrell's novel describes the life of the O'Flaherty family in working-class Chicago in the early years of the century during Tom O'Flaherty's last months. O'Flaherty, an Irish immigrant, has retired from his work on the Chicago transport system and, unknown to himself, is dying of cancer. It comes as no surprise that his youngest daughter is tubercular and another the mistress of a married man; and the scene is perfectly familiar to all readers of the American novel and no more agreeable than those of Mr. Farrell's earlier works. Yet, in the characters of old O'Flaherty and his wife, he achieves something like a pastoral quality. How does it come about?

The answer, I think, lies in the fact that, as compared to Studs, the native-born American, the O'Flahertys are so much nearer to grace. They are immigrants, and for both of them the reality is still the Ireland of their childhood and America something not understood, essentially mysterious, and, the much greater degree of material prosperity around them notwithstanding, consisting of broken promises. They have in their time played amid things of beauty and innocence has been kept; so that the O'Flahertys emerge as images of simple goodness. Mr. Farrell has created his images with great tact, and nowhere is this more clear than in his rendering of the O'Flahertys' Catholicism. In his fiction, Mr. Farrell is normally a bitter critic of Catholicism, but he is an honest novelist and, narrow though his vision may be, he never cheats; and in *The Face of Time* he shows us the Church as it exists in the minds of his hero and heroine.

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A provocative and personal account of German literary and political life from 1918 to 1946. "It is a window into that dark, sinister, skeleton-laden cupboard—the German mind." *H. R. Trevor-Roper*, SUNDAY TIMES. 35s.

PUTNAM

Leopards and Lilies is the first of Mr. Duggan's novels that has come my way. I suspect it is not as good as his best work, for he has been highly praised by excellent judges, and I can see why, *Leopards and Lilies* strikes me as a very good history book. Mr. Duggan conveys most vividly what it was like to be alive in England during the civil wars of the reign of King John. He seems to me as successful here as Ford Madox Ford was in recreating English life two centuries later in *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes*. This is a considerable achievement. But on the evidence of this book alone, I am not at all convinced that Mr. Duggan is a novelist. His heroine, Margaret FitzGerald, married to the heir of the Count of Devon, a mother and widowed all in her very early teens, is handed over by King John to be the wife of one of his Norman mercenary captains. She seems to me too palpably a device to come alive, a device to enable Mr. Duggan to show the contrasted scenes of his period as he wishes, to enable him to move about England and up and down the social scale and thread his way through the complicated politics of the time. This he does brilliantly; as a work of elucidation *Leopards and Lilies* is admirable; but his characters seem to me not to have the slightest interest as human beings.

One day I hope to go to Mexico, if only to see if it really is as the novelists describe it. Until then, however, I do not wish to read any more novels about it. Lawrence's, Traven's, Greene's and Lowry's are enough to be going on with. From their works a composite image appears of an exotic slum whose inhabitants are largely committed to peculiarly nasty kinds of mindless violence, a slum designed, one would think, deliberately to satisfy North American and Anglo-Saxon *nostalgie de la boue*. M. Fisson's novel has not caused me to change my mind. The blurb speaks of "his analysis of human motives" as "masterly." I saw little signs of mastery: his characters, an American business man on the run from something that never became clear, his mistress, and the Indian air-pilot she falls in love with, exist in an emotional chaos to which, as it seemed to me, we were denied any clue, except that the heroine is engaged in a desperate search for something she finds in the stone face of an Aztec idol. The nastiness and hopelessness, however, the heat, the sweat, the rain, the poverty, the mindlessness, are very well described. But are they merely the props of a literary convention incumbent on anyone who writes a novel about Mexico? To know, one will obviously have to go and find out.

WALTER ALLEN

MORE THAN SOMEWHAT

Reach for the Sky: The Life Story of Douglas Bader. By PAUL BRICKHILL. *Collins.* 16*s*.

Douglas Bader, at any other point in civilisation than this, would be in the process of transmutation from a half-remembered hero into the central figure of a myth. For his achievement, remarkable and extraordinary, is an epitome of the achievement of thousands of other young men of a similar background and temperament, but he is the type carried to an astonishing excess. They were mostly good athletes, but he had that extra brilliance which was to have given him his English Cap. He was so far from being a fool that he won a scholarship to his public school, but he was so far from being interested in the things of the mind that only the insistent pressure of necessary examinations could make him work. It was characteristic of the type to be bumptious and anti-authority until himself put into a position of power, when the good poacher became better game-keeper. As a young Cranwell graduate it was not exceptional to want to show off in the air, and routine to respond to the accusation of being "windy" by undertaking a folly of aerobatics. From then on the exceptional took charge. Losing a leg in the accident which resulted would have been to be expected. Bader lost two. His refusal to die from the operation was standard. His refusal to allow himself to be handicapped was a special triumph. He became the first man to walk without a stick on two artificial legs, taught himself to drive a car, swim, play golf and pilot a plane again. But the peace-time Air Force was not ready to respond to the exceptional and it took the war to rescue him from a routine office job.

Now the conditions ideally suited to his temperament had arrived. A position of real responsibility to check his leaning to excess, and the extreme ardour of aerial combat to sublimate it. Bader became a leading fighter ace, devised the new fighter tactics and displayed an unrivalled power of leadership. His physical handicap was not merely overcome, it was transcended. There was only one snag; in the event of his having to "bale out," there was a serious danger of his artificial legs smashing his hips on landing. But when the inevitable happened, one leg got pulled off by the aircraft and he landed safely. Bader effected one escape from hospital but he was soon recaptured. At last, and just for the moment, his handicap affected him. He was too well known and his walk too recognisable for escape plans for him ever to be practicable.

It is a story so remarkable that no one would dare to invent it even for the silliest of boys' magazines. Mr. Paul Brickhill is not able to match his subject, but he does well in the circumstances to make the thing credible and real. His analysis of character is sensible and objective, the atmosphere of school and Cranwell reasonably well caught, and the middle part describing the Battle of Britain is a brilliant piece of fictionalised reporting, vivid and compelling. If the mythologist ever does arrive to take this as his subject, he will find all the material in Mr. Brickhill's book, and find it well set out.

RICHARD LISTER

SHORTER REVIEWS

Carnot. By S. J. WATSON. *Bodley Head.* 18*s*.

Carnot lives in history as the Organiser of Victory. Only Trotsky can rival him as the military leader of a revolution. Carnot too died in exile, but before then he had been a member of the Committee of Public Safety, a Director, and a Napoleonic general. He commanded Antwerp at the end of the Empire and was Minister of the Interior during the Hundred Days. Yet he was a man completely without ambition. He did not make a fortune; he did not accept any title. No man saw greater events or was less affected by them. He was that very rare thing—a completely virtuous politician. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that, being a completely virtuous man, he never became a politician. Carnot certainly deserves a biography in English; and Mr. Watson has done it admirably. This is a straightforward, unpretentious book, with no flashy judgments and based on sound scholarship. The author is, like Carnot, a professional Engineer-officer; and he understands very well the technical problems with which Carnot had to deal. Mr. Watson has performed a great service by writing this book, and by writing it so sensibly.

Venetian Opera in the Seventeenth Century. By S. TOWNELEY WORSTHORNE. *Oxford.* 50*s*.

Dr. Towneley Worsthorne's long awaited study of Venetian opera is the first account of this particular period of musical history to appear in English. Venice was the pleasure-ground of the northern European nobility, and this helped the rapid development of opera as a popular art-form once the first public opera-house had been opened in 1637. It also affected the form of the opera itself, since fashionable taste tended to place as much importance on the stage spectacle as on the expressiveness of the singers, and much more than on music or libretto. Has the author become infected by this attitude, even while he describes it impartially? His sketch of the development of the three main musical elements—aria, chorus (of minimal importance in Venetian opera) and orchestra—will not fire anyone with zeal to perform Cavalli's *La Didone*, or Legrenzi's *Germanico sul Reno*. A little enthusiasm, even a few personal preferences, would not have come amiss. At first sight a ghastly sameness probably characterises the Contarini scores at Venice, just as it does the madrigal part-books of the preceding century, but Dr. Worsthorne never quite dispels that first impression. Nor does he seem as interested in the artistic personalities of his composers, his librettists and his singers as he is in their social context. It is a pleasant change to read a musicologist who realises the importance of social history, but here the balance seems to have tilted a little too far. Dr. Worsthorne sets his stage lavishly, and that alone would make his book extremely valuable: one cannot help regretting all the same that he did not conjure his characters out from the wings.

The binding and the printing of the text are up to the best Oxford standard; if there is a blot on the appearance of the book it is the reproduction of the music. The type-face used to underlay the unnumbered music examples is hopelessly out of keeping. The numbered examples are reproductions of the original manuscript scores; seventeenth-century musical handwriting is rarely tidy, and when boiled down as much as it is here it acquires a messy dazzle which is most unhelpful.

First Through the Clouds. By F. WARREN MERRIAM. *Batsford.* 21*s*.

With a few lonely exceptions, aviation has yet to produce any imaginative literature of its own; and *First Through the Clouds* is no such exception. In fact, this is a straightforward biographical account, mainly of the early days of aviation from 1910 to 1918. During the greater part of this time Warren Merriam was a flying instructor, first at the famous Brooklands School and later as an officer in the Royal Naval Air Service. Names which have since become famous crop up on almost every page, although at times the narrative tends to become unnecessarily name-ridden.

On the whole the book falls midway between an account of the author's life and a description of the period in which he is chiefly interested. The style is that of the man of action: direct and at times dogmatic. Emotion is not allowed to obtrude except incidentally, to illustrate an anecdote or to highlight character. Within these rather narrow limits the book will be welcomed by all enthusiasts of early flying history. Few will quarrel with Mr. Merriam's view that aviation has become over-specialised. Pilots in astronomically expensive fighters crash their daily way through the sound barrier, but the cheap family aircraft is as much a dream now as thirty years ago.

Lord Nelson. By CAROLA OMAN. *Collins.* 7*s*. 6*d*.

The choice of Miss Oman to write the life of Nelson in the Collins series of Brief Lives was obvious but not altogether judicious. These short biographies need to be curt and pithy if they are to take the best advantage of the 150 well-spaced crown octavo pages allotted to them. Miss Oman, of course, is the great, learned authority on this particular subject, but her ornate style has matured in more spacious fields; and this abbreviated Nelson of hers resembles a pair of shorts cut out of a roll of large-patterned cretonne. The spreading branches of the design have to be pruned unmercifully to fit such petty requirements.

Miss Oman sacrifices most of her space to naval occasions. She does Cape St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen and Trafalgar proud; and never lets the vision of Britannia ruling the waves with the aid of Nelson out of our sight. All the emphasis is laid on the hero's bravery and determination. But even a paladin must have some respite from feats of glory in which to recuperate, and some private life in which to unbutton. Yet Miss Oman seems to grudge Nelson every moment off his quarter-deck: she treats Lady Nelson perfunctorily and squeezes in Lady Hamilton with every regard for mitigating circumstances. If Nelson nowadays is not quite the copy-book example of a man of action that he used to be before we knew the full truth about Horatia, the fault will not be ascribed to his latest biographer: Miss Oman has done her best to screen his faults and extol his virtues, so that every schoolboy should still wish to emulate him. As for his character she is not informative; and perhaps the less said about that the better.

Neolithic Cultures of the British Isles. By STUART PIGGOTT. *Cambridge.* 70s.

One of the most absorbing of prehistoric adventure stories is that of the people who about 4,000 years ago carried the rudiments of civilisation from the Middle East into the remote parts of Western and Northern Europe. Pioneers in search of fresh land for cultivation explored the unknown, dangerous coasts of Britain and Scandinavia, taking with them the cattle, sheep and seed-grains necessary to the new way of life. These they carried in their boats: in their heads they carried knowledge of new skills, and the religious imagination able to inspire the megalithic architecture that has left them so many noble monuments along the Atlantic coasts. Professor Stuart Piggott has contributed as much as anyone to our knowledge of this phase of British prehistory, and the present monograph has been long and eagerly awaited. The handsome and authoritative work that has now appeared cannot disappoint either critics or enthusiasts: there is plenty to be learned from it and plenty with which it is possible to disagree. It must be bought by everyone who is both interested in prehistory and able to afford the price.

The period of a few centuries on either side of 2000 B.C. makes a most interesting parallel to the last 500 years. Pioneers at an altogether more advanced stage of culture settle a backward territory and dominate the aborigines. Then these natives, having acquired some part of the skills and ideas of their conquerors, reassert themselves, the invading culture crumples and a new synthesis emerges. This cycle was enacted during the course of the Neolithic Age in Britain. Our knowledge of it, derived from the patient study of thousands of scraps of material evidence, can now be distilled into a few sentences which should have their place in all history books, however elementary.

Islands of the Sunbird. Travels in Indonesia. By NINA EPTON. *Jarrolds.* 18s.

Many a Javanese may have raised his sober eyebrow as Miss Nina Epton swooped from one victim to another; in Sumatra to stare a tiger in the face; in the Moluccas to drag her Indonesian guide along a fifteen-mile walk in tropical sunshine to watch a quadrille; in Bali to follow a "cursed route" which led to a Leprosarium, and everywhere to watch ceremonials of birth and death and marriage with a journalist's eye for copy. And although her arrival was the signal for press conferences (an Indonesian passion which she wisely spurned), for unexpected picnics (which involved vast purchases of hot orange crush) and for gate-crashing into the homes of Rajahs, priests and peasants alike, her departure was usually streaked with regret. She had so demonstrably had a good time and discovered new excitements to record in her notebook. Her pleasure was perfectly genuine, and if her book is not written with any distinction it does express uninhibited friendliness to the people and a quick response to the extravagant beauty of the islands of Indonesia, "a girdle of emerald" as a Dutch writer once described them "flung round the Equator."

In telling the story of her adventures in the Islands of the Sunbird (the garuda, a bird in Hindu mythology who carried Vishnu safely on his journeys), Miss Epton uses many quotations with telling effect from earlier, usually sixteenth and seventeenth century, travellers. She should quote her sources in the second edition.

Handbook of English Costume in the Sixteenth Century. By C. W. and PHILLIS CUNNINGTON. *Faber.* 30s.

The Cunningtons, tireless scholars and researchers in their chosen field, have turned their attention to the richest period of all in the history of costume, both for men and women: the sixteenth century. It is not their style to make a popular approach; their works are reference books, designed to give every article of apparel its proper description, history and illustration, and to provide a thoroughly workable index, glossary and bibliography, so that the student or designer can get sound guidance in a subject which seems to have an unholy fascination for the inaccurate. Yet this work, made up on the Cunnington plan, which is almost that of a discursive illustrated dictionary, is the reverse of dry. The period is fabulously rich, and sufficiently familiar to us through portraiture; yet how few of us have ever bothered to examine its clothes in detail, to inquire how an Elizabethan gentleman supported his ruff, what underclothes he wore, or what were the mechanics of his lady's farthingale? It is an age in which the human body is more or less ignored. Its æsthetic deficiency is admitted, and something handsomer zestfully superimposed.

The men affect an immense breadth of shoulder, padded cod-pieces jutting out from their clothes, boastfully ornamented and large enough to accommodate both purse and handkerchief and the orange with which to refresh oneself at the play; the women are built into sumptuous pyramids, warmly encased in furred gowns, their head set forth on a ruff as on a platter, their persons hung about with charming accessories—chains and jewels, pearls sewn to the sleeves, a muff (called at this period a snufkin) on a ribbon, scented gloves, a plumed fan and a mirror—never, surely, was there another period in which the well-to-do could amuse themselves so enormously with dress. The Cunningtons have already given us the middle ages, the nineteenth and the present centuries, so that we have still the seventeenth and the eighteenth to look forward to. Could they in future, perhaps, persuade their excellent illustrator not to print her initials so large and frequently all over the book?

Companion to Congregational Praise. Edited by K. L. PARRY, with notes on the music by ERIK ROUTLEY. *Independent Press.* 30s.

The modern Christian is more historically minded than his ancestors, and likes to know the dates of things, since time brings changes of emphasis, in religion as in everything else. Members of churches of the Congregational order here have a manual of historical, biographical and musical information to accompany their recently published hymn book, *Congregational Praise*. Both that book and this new companion are beautifully and lovingly produced, by editors who feel deeply about worship and its materials. It follows much the same lines as the well-known *Songs of Praise Discussed*; introductory chapters of a historical and general nature are followed by a note on the words and music of each hymn in turn, and a final section of biographical notices, in alphabetical order, of all the writers and composers mentioned.

It is inevitable that there should be some errors in a book which consists of a mass of minute detail, but for the most part the notes are apt, succinct and genuinely informative. The fashion in hymn-tunes has turned away from the nineteenth century, and the old psalm-tunes have come back into their own. The fashion in theology has turned so strongly in a neo-orthodox direction that the editors are a little contemptuous of hymns which seem to them merely ethical; one wonders if the parable of the Good Samaritan would pass as sufficiently Christian. It is strange to find that though every other hymn book mentioned has a date attached to it, no date of publication is given anywhere in this book to *Congregational Praise* itself.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,261

Set by Lakon

It has been suggested that a wreath of fig-leaves should be laid on the grave of Dr. Bowdler whose centenary falls this year. The usual prizes are offered for twelve lines of a declamatory ode to mark the occasion. Entries by May 4.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,258

Set by Arthur Marshall

Doubtful about the pleasures of a week-end for which you are bound, you leave behind you a telegram to be despatched to yourself if you telephone

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to a good Spring holiday.
We are flying to Nice for
a few days and
then on to Corsica
to see the glorious
flowers on the Scented
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BARCELONA		£36.11 0
PALMA		£40.14.0
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an urgent request for it. Competitors are invited to draft a telegram (limit 30 words) which would make their hosts anxious to be rid of them at the earliest possible moment.

Report by Arthur Marshall

I regretfully record the fact that this competition produced a saddening number of lapses in taste and tone. The subject was not easy and I must share the responsibility for the results being in the nature of a frost. Three-quarters of the entries involved either the Law or serious illnesses and certain competitors must really brush up their senses of humour: police searches, polio and Wasserman tests split no sides these days.

Competitors will think me stingy but I find I can involve the *N.S. & N.* in an outlay of three pounds only, made up of four prizes of fifteen shillings each. These go to Stanley J. Sharpless, R. M. Lang, James Elliott, and GOODWILL. I suggest that the rest of the prize money be set aside for a more rewarding occasion.

Irradiated cobalt capsules given you in mistake for aspirins canteen yesterday stop fifty yard lethal radius genetic hazards incalculable stop cash refunded on return hope headache better Director Harwell.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

My mum has rumbled us. Just been turned out by Dad. Come urgent or will catch afternoon train to join you. Real desperate. Elsie.

R. M. LANG

To Bottle Johnson, at Caxton Castle. You old basket have you really forgotten eighteenth commandos chateau raid survivors reunion charlies bar 1800 hrs tonight or do we come and fetch. Killer.

JAMES ELLIOTT

Specialist confirms your sex changed Newspapers possession facts landlady inadvertently disclosed whereabouts seventeen reporters heading suggest evasive action.

GOODWILL

The following were the runners-up:

Your wives arrived Aden safely stop forwarding Yasmin Fatima by air ETA London Airport 0030 hours Sunday. (Erica Scott).

Report hospital immediately. Friday fish supper suspected radioactive. Liable explode any minute. Mother. (J. F. Bailes).

Am desperate either you return at once or shall I come and shoot you where you stand. Mabel. (Elizabeth McCann).

Young Negro lady name Modupe claiming to be your daughter arrived from Nigeria insists on seeing you immediately. Wire urgent whether her arrival there convenient. (Bruno Vogel).

Be in my office at five today you can expect rough stuff if the boys have to come and fetch you. (Ronald Hayman).

Stopping off between planes. We come down to lunch Sunday, or you meet us Savoy Grill 1.30. Ultimatum Joe, Phoebe, Masie, Kath, Bob, Eva, Betty, Babs. (A. M. Sayers).

CHESS: The Ganeff and the Gentleman

No. 238

"Tell me Herr Mieses," said Blackburne at some Continental Congress where few of the other competitors spoke English—"tell me: what is a ganeff?" "Why do you want to know?" asked Mieses before committing himself to the information that it is Yiddish for crook. Blackburne explained that he had overheard Gunsberg describing their own game to some other masters and concluding: *Der alte Ganeff hat mich matt gesetzt.* Now, he knew of course that he had mated Gunsberg, he also knew that *der alte* means "old." But what the devil did he mean by "ganeff"? Was it an insult? "Nothing for you to worry about," said Mieses. "But what exactly does it mean?" insisted the British master. "It may mean all sorts of things," explained Mieses in some embarrassment, "it all depends on how you say it." "The way Gunsberg said it," asked Blackburne stubbornly: "can one be a ganeff and a gentleman at the same time?" Mieses reassured him on this point. He loved to tell this story to his friends and to remind us that Blackburne was not merely a gentleman but, for many decades, the Grand Old Man of British Chess. He was 83 when he died 30 years ago, and the anniversary seems as good an occasion as any to remember him. Here is a little-known brevity which (playing Black) he conjured up in 1880.

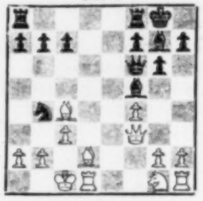
(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(8)	Q x R	Q-R5
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(9)	O-O	Kt-B3
(3)	B-B4	B-B4	(10)	P-B3	Kt-Kt5
(4)	B x P ch ?	K x B	(11)	P-KR3	B x P ch
(5)	Kt x P ch	Kt x Kt	(12)	K-R1	B-KB4 !
(6)	Q-R5 ch	P-Kt3	(13)	Q x R	Q x P ch
(7)	Q x Kt	P-Q3	(14)	P x Q	B x P mate

This was played against that famous old duffer A. N. Other (and a remarkable optimist he must have been); but here—Perlis-Blackburne, Ostend 1907—is a rather more famous and valuable game.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(5)	P x P	Kt-QB3
(2)	P-Q4	P x P	(6)	Kt-KB3	B-Kt5
(3)	P-QB3	P-Q4	(7)	B-K2	Kt-B3
(4)	KP x P	Q x P	(8)	O-O	B-Q3
(9)	Kt-B3	Q-KR4	(22)	Q-R1 ?	Q x Q
(10)	R-K1	O-O	(23)	R x Q	P-KB4
(11)	P-KR3	QR-Q1 ! ?	(24)	K-B3	Kt(5)-K4 ch
(12)	P x B	Kt x KtP	(25)	K-Kt2	P x B
(13)	B-KKt5 ?	B-R7 ch	(26)	Kt x P	Kt-B2
(14)	K-B1	B-K4 !	(27)	R-K1	R-K2
(15)	B-Q3	R x P !	(28)	P-B3	Kt-Q3
(16)	Kt x B	R-K1 !	(29)	B x Kt	P x B
(17)	R-K4	R x R	(30)	R-Q1	P-Q4 !
(18)	B x R	QKt x Kt	(31)	Kt-B3	R-Q2
(19)	B-B4	Kt-Kt3 !	(32)	K-B2	Kt-K2
(20)	B-Kt3	Q-R8 ch	(33)	K-K3	P-Q5 ch
(21)	K-K2	Q x P	(34)	K-K4	P x Kt !

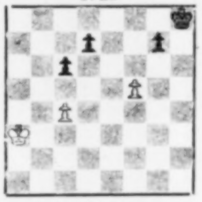
White resigned, because the R was taboo on account of (35) . . . P-B7 (36) R-B7, Kt-B3.

A: Blackburne 1894

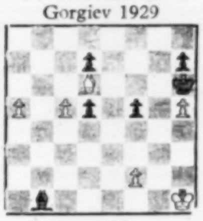


The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Blackburne (Black) very neatly forced the issue in a few moves. **B**—White to draw—is a classic, not too difficult at 6 ladder-points; but **C**—White to win—is hardly a bargain at 7 points. A most ingenious study.

B: A. Troitzky 1923



C: Herbstmann & Gorgiev 1929



Usual prizes. Entries by May 3.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 235. Set April 3

A: (1) B x KtP, K x B, (2) Q-Kt5 ch, Kt-Kt3 (3) P-R6 ch, etc.

B: (1) B-B7, K-B8, (2) B-Kt6!, B-B7, (3) K-R2, K-K7, (4) K-Kt2, B-K6, (5) K-Kt3, K-Q6, (6) K-B3, B-Q5, (7) K-B4, K-B5, (8) K-K4, B-B4, (9) K-K5, K-Kt5, (10) K-Q5, B-Kt8, (11) K-B6, etc.

C: (1) R-Kt4 ch, K-B1, (2) R x KBP, R-B1 ch, (3) K-K6, R x R, (4) P-Q7 ch, K-B2 !, (5) R x P ch, Kt x R, (6) P queens ch, etc.

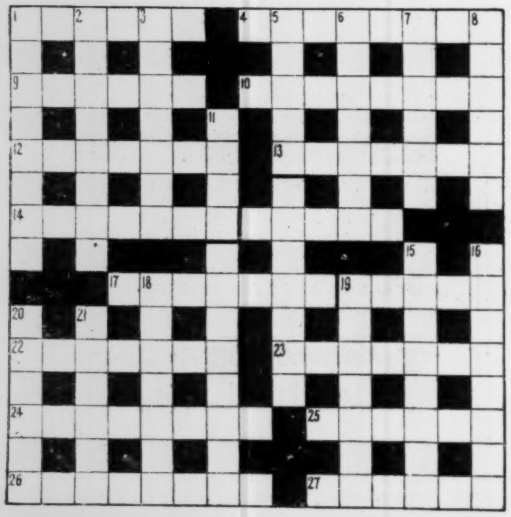
if (3) . . . B-R6 ch, (4) K-K7, R x R, (5) R x P ch, Kt x R, (6) P-Q7 ch, etc.

Nearly a score of correct solutions, though many competitors dropped a point by missing one of the main variations in **C**. Prizes shared by W. H. I. Brooking, J. B. Cock, C. R. Hattersley, M. Kaye. J. Mitchell, C. J. Morse.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 97

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 97, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 4



ACROSS

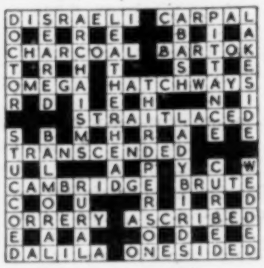
1. He would not allow a choice of horses (6).
4. Elysian flower (8).
9. Miss Whitefield's guardian (6).
10. With some rope a single copper formed a barrier (8).
12. Biblical word of greeting for a tragic hero (7).
13. Supporter of the platform perhaps (7).
14. This material may be converted into stage islands (7, 5).
17. Furniture which will transform hostel chores (7, 5).
22. Member of the eight who first seems to address his craft in Latin (7).
23. Serious listener with a comfortable home (7).
24. Make a soldier out of frail men (8).
25. This composer is a lightweight in the market (6).
26. Time for a calm sea (8).
27. Confidential remarks containing singular ideas (6).

DOWN

1. When you are in the tube, it is a stuffy place (8).
2. Actress manager? (8).
3. Pastor addressing a capital audience? (7).
5. Style which allows little room for laughter? (5, 7).
6. Shifty persons about the farm (7).
7. An actor starts to make a presentation (6).
8. Boy shown the way and dished up the soup (6).
11. Criterion which makes the money flag (4, 8).
15. No slavish copying (8).
16. Formulates differently. As setter one might make the alteration (8).
18. Constant one of music (7).
19. Women who can be bought in the end (7).
20. This part of the meal makes one swear about nothing (6).
21. Not much to eat? (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 95



D	I	S	R	A	E	L	I	■	C	A	R	P	A	L
O	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	■	■	B	■	I	■	A
C	H	A	R	C	O	A	L	■	B	A	R	T	O	K
T	■	R	■	H	■	T	■	■	■	S	■	T	■	E
O	M	E	G	A	■	H	A	T	C	H	W	A	Y	S
R	■	D	■	I	■	E	■	H	■	■	■	N	■	I
■	■	■	■	S	T	R	A	I	T	L	A	C	E	D
S	■	B	■	M	■	H	■	R	■	A	■	E	■	E
T	R	A	N	S	C	E	N	D	E	D	■	■	■	■
U	■	L	■	■	■	A	■	P	■	Y	■	C	■	W
C	A	M	B	R	I	D	G	E	■	B	R	U	T	E
C	■	O	■	U	■	■	■	R	■	I	■	R	■	D
O	R	R	E	R	Y	■	A	S	C	R	I	B	E	D
E	■	A	■	A	■	■	■	O	■	D	■	E	■	E
D	A	L	I	L	A	■	O	N	E	S	I	D	E	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 95

C. E. J. Fryer (Maidstone), Miss Rhoda Grant (Warrenpoint), J. A. Nelder (Wellesbourne).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly terms arrgd.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

DIVAN-sitting-rm., ckg. facils. 30s. Clapham South. Ring BAT. 3565.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. Park 6280.

TO let, single and double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

CLAPHAM Common. Charming divan room, verandah, fully furnished, 27s. 6d. p.w. (inc. lighting). Suit business lady or retired lady small pension for whom rental halved in return slight services: Thomas, Penn Drive, Denham, Bucks. Denham 2808.

S/C. Flat to let 4 weeks from May 7. 1 bedroom, 1 sitting with divan, K. & B. Tel., Frig., H. & C. £5 5s. p.w. Box 7380.

SUNNY bed-sit., with gas-ring. N.W.2. 38s. 6d. 'Phone GLA. 0595.

FURN. flat. Avail. June, July. Central London, Regent's Park. 3 bed., 1 recep. All amenities. Tel., television, washing machine, C.H., daily help avail. Box 7296.

COMF. bed-sit. rm. Suit bus. lady. Private flat. £2. Maida Vale. CUN 7586.

N.W.3, nr. Tube, charm. furn. sgle. one-rm. flatlet. Every comf. 45s. PRI. 3560.

BED-sit. room, 1st flr., ckg. facils., pleas. district Ealing close Stn. 2gns. Cultured tenant welcomed. Box 7462.

LARGE room, double or single, cooking stove in cupboard. South aspect. Everything new. 'Phone PRI. 5602.

ST. JOHN'S Wood. Exceptionally pleasant lge. dble. bed-sit. rm. with kit.-dining room to let for long period. Share bath. Con. h.w. Nr. Tube/bus. 4½gns. wk. PRI. 4485.

WELL-fur. gr. fl. b./s. rm., con. h.w., facils. for ckg., use kit., lin., serv. Child welc. 50 Cleveland Sq., W.2. PAD. 5457.

MAN reqd. to share good flat with architect & teacher, 30s. p.w. STA. 2145.

DELIGHTFUL divan-rm. priv. flat. 70s. C.h.w., c.h., use k. & b. Bus. person only. Refs. BAY. 1533 after 5.30.

FINCHLEY (opp. Tube). Beaut. flat 2 rms. Concealed kit. H. & C. 2/3 adlts. Also dble/sgl. div. rm. All con. HIL. 4861.

MAGNIFICENT sgle. rm. 23×15, £3 3s. incl. cleaning, use kit., bath, gas, c.h.w., bedlin., milk, 'frig., elec. fire, check met. Long let. Lady pref. MAI. 5267.

NEWLY built house, charming furn. flatlet. Built-in wardrobes, c.h.w. Basin in fitted cupboard. Ckg. facils. Full serv. Linen. Overlkg. gdns. Lady. 3gns. BAY. 4617.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming double div. rm. Ckg. fac. Washbasin. H. & C. Well-kept house nr. buses and Heath. HAM. 7428.

ST. JOHN'S Wood. Lux. rm. in mod. blk., prof./bus. person. 3gns. CUN. 9636.

WELL-furn. 3-rm. flat N. London. Own toilet, meters. All found. Refined quiet hse. 3½gns. inc. c.h.w. 1 per. only. CAN. 2702.

TWO cheerful adjg. div.-rms. in comf. flat. Mod. cons. Working-class distr. Suit 2 yng. ladies. Mod. rent. LAD. 5505.

ESSEX coast. Well-furnished cottage, May-July. Wonderful scenery. Safe bathing. Quiet situation. Ideal writer, painter. 3 bedrms. All con. £25 per mth. or £7 p.w. Box 7355.

BLUE Anchor Bay Holiday Flatlets, Somerset. All flatlets self-contd., overlkg sea. Most carefree and economical holiday. Vacs. now to June, Sept. onwards. Write Kathleen Hardwick or 'phone Dunster 241.

VIEW Seaford Head. 100 yds. sea. 2min. bus. Dbl. B/S. rm. Kit. W.C. Use bathrm. 1 adult 3½gns., 2, 4gns. Seaford 3762.

CORNISH Cove. 4-berth caravan on beautiful secluded site, well-eqpd. Until mid-June. 6gns. wk. Gibbs, Lamorna, Penzance.

ATTRACTIVE small house suitable 2 adults. To let for 2-6 weeks from June 1. Near Midhurst. 4gns. p.w. Box 7205.

CARAVAN. Furn. 2/3, New Forest. Beautiful, convenient, private. Leek, Godshill, Fordingbridge.

MUSICIAN (violinist) requires 1-2 furn. attic rooms. (Top floor). Box 7431.

GRADUATE and family desire 2-3-bedroom furn. or unfurn. flat or house in Cambridge for at least one year, starting July 15, 1954. Batts, 15 Chaucer Rd., Cambridge.

COMMERCIAL artist seeks two furnished or unfurnished rooms, or studio with living accommodation. Box 7378.

PRODUCER and prof. wife (one child) seek 3-4-rm. semi/unfurnished flat, consider buy furn. & fit. Careful tenants. Box 7373.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FIRST-class Duplctg./Typing serv. Dictation, Theses, MSS, etc. Confidential. Miss Stone, 446 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 5984.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit., MSS, etc. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

DUPLICATING, typing, theses, MSS, envelopes, circulars, booklets, etc. Doris Puffett, 13 Wellington Street Castle, Northwich, Cheshire.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau can supply First-class Secretaries by the half-day or day, and an office for private dictation for brief or lengthy periods. Plays, Novels, Theses, etc., are all typed intelligently and efficiently at top speed. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing. Expd. Secretaries. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765, Ext. 1. MOU. 1701.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

HAZEL Porteous will type your Thesis, Novel, Play or Technical MS. Efficient personal serv., highly recom. by prominent writers. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

TYPING MSS. and Theses intelligently typed. Checked by experienced reader. Obscure handwriting deciphered. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham. MUS. 7379.

MRS. Archer for MSS, Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. Bar 5230.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts, MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7839.

DALEY'S Typewriting & Duplicating, 2 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Tel. HOL. 5157.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

SCHOOLS

A BOYS' Preparatory Boarding School, recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education. Lovely setting amongst pinewoods on Suffolk coast, with excellent health record. Small classes allow for very thorough teaching methods on individual lines. Pleasant atmosphere and personal contact between boys and staff. Ideal surroundings for healthy outdoor life. Four acres of games field, private beach, swimming and sailing. Comprehensive prospectus. Sizewall Hall, Suffolk.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3, Co-educational Day and Boarding School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural education for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

WELL-BALANCED preparation for the great School of Mankind—Life itself—is the aim of The New School, Kings Langley, Herts. While avoiding early specialisation the method (based on Rudolf Steiner principles) seeks to unfold individual faculties and gifts and to develop truly social impulses. Boys and girls, 6 to 18, received as day children or boarders at moderate fees. Number of vacancies now due to recent extensions.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-educational, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, Yorks. Co-educational 8-18. Fully recognised, obtaining entries to the universities by preparation for G.C.E. at all levels. Emphasis on Arts, Music and Science. Bursaries available for girls of good ability and background. Headmaster, Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc., Chairman of Governors. John Macmurray, M.C., M.A.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Punch, 1950, complete; 100 National Geographics, 1939-53, offers?; M.A. (Durham) Gown and Hood; B.A. (London) Convocation Hood; Grundig Tape Recorder, unused, very latest model, 56gns. (London).

WANTED: Rosenberg, History Bolshevism; Borkenau, Communist International; Trotsky, Chinese Revolution.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

Laboratory check on a magnetron intended for use in radar equipment.

PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

THE possibility of using radio to detect and locate unseen objects has intrigued scientists since the turn of the century, but it was not until the advent of the multi-cavity magnetron during the late war that the history of modern radar began.

Radar targets are located by a beam of radio waves which upon striking an object are reflected to the sender. The direction of the beam when it is reflected, and the time taken by the waves on their outward and return journeys, indicate the exact position of the target.

For the system to be sensitive and accurate, the range of the transmitted beam must be long and its width narrow. This requires a powerful source of radio waves of very short wavelength but, unfortunately, such "microwaves" cannot be provided by an ordinary electronic valve. Faced with these difficulties the early radar pioneers developed the multi-cavity magnetron—a special valve which proved to be more powerful by a factor of hundreds than any other microwave generator then available.

Today, magnetrons are playing an essential part in radar navigation. Ships and harbours are no longer hidden by fog and mountain peaks cease to be obscured by cloud. The cathode ray tubes of air and sea navigators present pictures of the way ahead even when visibility is zero.

Radar science is still undergoing ingenious and complex development. In the field of meteorology it is used for detecting and "tracking" clouds, as well as obtaining upper air measurements of wind velocity. A different role is also being played by the magnetron in accelerating electrons for the production of high-energy X-rays. In these and other microwave applications Mullard are contributing to further progress with the large-scale manufacture of high quality magnetrons and similar electronic devices.

Mullard

MULLARD LIMITED, CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

Factories at: Blackburn · Fleetwood · Gillingham · Hove · Lytham-St. Anne's
Mitcham · Pawtenstall · Waddon · Wandsworth · Whyteleafe

(MP437)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

STEVENAGE New Town Development Corporation. The Corporation invites applications for the appointment of Social Relations Officer. The duties of the appointment will include liaison with organisations of the local residents and of the local industrial firms; study of the community facilities available is required; the handling of communications to the Press and the compilation of answers to requests for information; and the arrangements for receiving visitors. The Social Relations Officer will have the status of a Chief Officer and will work directly under the General Manager. The salary offered will be not less than £1,600 per annum. Candidates should have had previous experience of public relations work and should be not less than 35 years of age. Application forms, which can be obtained from the Chief Administrative Officer, Aston House, Nr. Stevenage, Herts, should be submitted by Saturday, May 1.

ESSEX. Applications are invited for posts of Educational Psychologist; (a) at a full-time two-team Clinic at Ilford, and (b) at a full-time one-team Clinic opening in the South Essex Division. Work includes remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should have an Honours Degree in Psychology or its equivalent, and have had Clinical training at a recognised training centre for Child Guidance Work. Salary Scale (under review), Men £750 × £28—£950. Women £685 × £20—£780. Further particulars and application form (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

THE National Council of Labour Colleges requires a divisional organiser for division 3—Cambridge and Ipswich area. Salary £500 rising by £15 a year to £575. Superannuation Scheme. Applicants must be able to lecture on a number of N.C.L.C. subjects and should apply to J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Sec., N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

ST. Lawrence's (Mental Deficiency) Hospital, Caterham, Surrey. Qualified Occupational Therapist (Female) required. Salary £400 × £15—£475 p.a.; moderate charge if resident. Whitley P.T.A. Conditions. Applications to Group Secretary within 10 days.

CHILDREN'S Service. Res. Deputy Warden (teacher or non-teacher) reqd. at Cumberlow Lodge Remand Home, Chalfont Road, S.E.25. Comparable expce., including supervision of staff, desirable, and dom. science and/or child care quals an advantage. Ability to deal with problems arising with adolescent girls of unstable character or temperament essential. The salary scale and charges are subject to review in the near future. At present qualified teachers would be paid within scale £370 × £15—£520 × £16—£536 plus responsibility allwce. of £40, London allwce. (£36-£48) and res. emols.; for non-teachers the scale is £575-£655, less £94 0s. 8d. for board etc. 3 wks. annual leave. Applic. form and details (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/394), County Hall, London, S.E.1.

TWO certificated experienced teachers, residential, one a woman. General subjects; elementary music desirable. Required September. Alresford Place, Hants, an independent hostel-school for maladjusted boys and girls aged about 9/15. Regret no accomm. staff children. Write giving personal details, C.S.A., 36 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

SENIOR History Master required in September. It is intended to appoint a man whose wife will take part in the community life of the school. Further particulars from the Headmaster, St. Christopher School, Letchworth.

JUNIOR Mistress, not over 40, reqd. in May for small group 7-10-yr.-olds. Co-ed. school in Gloucestershire. Box 6983.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

BERNHARD Baron Jewish Settlement has immediate vacancy for student. Training in social work and pocket-money given in return for general help, particularly with children. Apply Mrs. Sopel, 33 Berner Street, London, E.1.

ASSISTANT Worker under 40 required in Diocesan Girls Hostel. C. of E. Real interest in adolescents essential. Apply Miss Bugg, 44 Forest Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

ORGANISER Leader of Pioneer Adventure Playground attached to University Settlement. Experience with young people, and ability to use odd materials constructively desirable. Salary £400/450. Applications immediately giving three referees to the Secretary, Liverpool Youth Organisations Committee, 14 Castle Street, Liverpool, 2.

NATIONAL Association for the Paralysed requires qualified almoner or social worker. Salary according to experience. Apply Secretary, N.A.P., Tavistock House South, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Institute of Psycho-Analysis invites applications for the following posts: (a) Deputy to the Administrative Secretary; aged preferably 25-35; essential qualifications are book-keeping to trial balance with P.A.Y.E. experience; a good standard of shorthand-typing, and ability to acquire a broad knowledge of all aspects of the Institute's work. Salary Range: £7 10*s*. to £9 15*s*., with the possibility of special responsibility pay in certain circumstances. (b) Shorthand-Typist. Minimum Speeds: 120 and 60 w.p.m.; aged preferably 20-25. Salary Range: £5 10*s* to £7 5*s*. Written applications, which should be submitted not later than April 30, 1954, should be addressed to the Secretary at 63 New Cavendish Street, W.1, and should give full particulars of education and experience and the names of two referees.

WILTSHIRE County Council, Children's Department. Resident Assistant Matron required at "Starfield" Reception Home, Holt, Nr. Trowbridge (20 children). Salary £246 × £15 to £276 × £10 to £286, plus emoluments £149. Forms from Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge.

A FRENCH/English secretarial vacancy occurs in the Central Administrative Office of a large organisation with world-wide interests. Applicants should be capable typists with a good general education, impeccable English, sound fluent French and must be prepared to type from dictaphone records in both languages. The position is an important one and a very high standard of work is required. The salary will be commensurate with the qualifications and abilities of the successful candidate. Apply initially in writing to the Personnel Officer, May & Baker Ltd., Dagenham, Essex.

GROWING West End firm, importing Indian handicrafts, offers good opportunity to person experienced in general routine stock control, invoicing, &c. Box 7276.

ST. Christopher School, Letchworth. Lady cook, one of four, required by vegetarian sch. Good hols. and off duty. Apply Caterer.

SEMI-Senior Audit Clerk 22/35 for progressive post with medium-sized firm, £9 to start. Also Senior Audit Clerk for S.W.1 firm. £600 upwards to start, according to age and experience. Burnett Bureau, Ltd. (Accountancy Specialists), 77 Dean St., W.1.

REQUIRED. Confidential assistant (competent sh./typing essent.) for secretary, social organisation, London. Age 35-40. Salary according to exper. Box 7458.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist needed by Social Research Unit. £450 upwards accdg. qualifications. Box 7407.

COMPETENT secretary required by specialist physician W.1 to take responsible position. Willing to work hard irregular hours. Good remuneration and holidays. Fast shorthand and typing and very good knowledge of French essential. Please send full particulars re med. experience, qualifications, age. Box 7408.

SHORTHAND/Typist reqd. Interesting political work. Box 7467.

A PANEL of Temporary Shorthand and Copy Typists is being enrolled by St. Stephen's Secretariat for work during the Spring and Summer. 10-5. No Sats. Any period. All districts. 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

REQUIRED. Competent shorthand-typist able to take charge of correspondence. Social organisation, London. State experience and salary. Box 7459.

ACME Agency for perm. and temp. office jobs. No Fees. 4 Blenheim St., Bond St., W.1 (1st right Oxford St. end). GRO. 4577.

ALL Office Staff supplied and wanted. CHA. 8471. Holborn Secretarial Agency, 4 Holborn Place, W.C.1. No fees staff.

TEMPORARY shorthand-typs., bi-lingual shorthand-typs., etc., reqd. for interesting work. High rates of pay. GER. 1069.

COOK-Housekeeper required for pleasant Hampstead household. Four in family (char comes in daily). Would suit person wanting to settle down to steady job in a friendly atmosphere. Continental welcome. Box 7219.

PLEASANT home (Hampstead) and appropriate salary offered to young woman (young in heart, not necessarily in years) willing to act as Nannie to girl of 3½. Suitable for person wanting a reasonable amount of free time for own interests (e.g., musical, artistic, literary). Froebel-trained preferred, but not a condition. English-speaking Continental welcome. Box 7218.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ADAPTABLE, honest, hard-working young man of 30 anxious to obtain any sort of work needing intelligence and initiative. Would train and/or accept nominal wage until ability proved. Applicant resides in Essex and has slight limp which puts him on Disabled Persons Register. Box 7360.

YOUNG man, 23, widely trav., gd. educ., N.S. comm., settling in London, sks. post where persistence, originality, hard work, will yield comp. remuneration. Organizing, executive experience; highest refs. Box 7366.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

GERMAN-Engl. secretary, very expd., own typewriter, free occas. Box 7048.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

CAMBRIDGE Honours Graduate, 27, experienced executive, linguist, able writer, ex Army Intelligence, seeks interesting, progressive post. Available now. Write Box 7390.

GRADUATE, Social Studies, 27, intelligent, good personality, wide interests esp. literature, films, Colonial affairs, seeks interesting post pref. book trade. Prepared learn, take responsibility. Box 7339.

EX-PROFESSOR (U.S.A.) wishes return to England. M.A. (Math.); Ph.D. (Physics); "egghead." Position in Adult Education or W.E.A. preferred. Box 7285.

YOUNG man (24) wants post in co-ed. school. Nat. Diploma Agriculture, teacher's cert. Rural Science, fluent French, gd. German; Natural History. Box 7257.

INTELLIGENT, attrac. girl writer (24) sks. interesting post. Assets: sh./typg., sense of humour, knldge. theatre; can act, drive, research. Nothing monotonous consid. High salary asked and earned. RIV. 2670.

OXFORD man, 26, M.A., Dip.Ed., resident experience music staff well-known progresive school, seeks post similar school. Will consider other posts. Res. or non-res. Music, Geography, Elementary Maths. Box 7340.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6*gns*. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

HARROGATE. French week, June 14-19. Full programme and holiday guide from W. W. Baxter, Royal Hall, Harrogate.

CORNWALL. Happy carefree holiday in French lady's cottage. 3-4 pers. only. ½ mile beach. Well cooked food. Real personal attention. 5*gns*. wkly. all incl. Mrs. Luxemburg, 3 Polbreen Lane, St. Agnes.

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Perfect for a restful holiday. Every comfort in a charming old-world setting. Directly facing harbour. Safe bathing, magnificent cliff/country walks. Good touring centre. Garage. Terms 6-7½*gns*. 'Phone 264.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Loveliest position on sunny Cornish coast. Every comfort. "Home" cooking. A.A. recommended.

PAYING Guests welc. Modernised farmhse. Ideally sitd. Wenlock Edge. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

BETWEEN Looe and Polperro. Country House, possessing every modern amenity, in 12 acres gardens overlooking sea, offers restful holiday and perfect food based on own farm produce. No children under 12. Latter half August booked. Porthallow Old House, Talland Bay, Looe, Cornwall.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Details: Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 6*gns*. weekly, 8-9*gns*. summer.

OXFORD 8 miles. Croft House, Burcot, nr. Abingdon. Warmth, comfort, good food. A.A., R.A.C. Clifton Hampden 232.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8*gns*. Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Ideal holiday, walking, cycling, motoring. Good food, home prod., lge. gdn. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

BYNE House Hotel, Warminster. A holiday in lovely Wiltshire, spacious accommodation with all amenities, secluded garden, good food, personal attention. Please write for brochure or telephone Warminster 2010.

STRATFORD-on-Avon. Comf. board-residence. Priv. house, central for Churches and Theatre, etc. Interior spring mattresses. Gas fires in bedrms. Good cooking. 6*gns*. Misses Davies, 56 Rother St. Tel. 3769.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House facing sea; h. & c. bedrooms; farm produce, excel. food. Red. terms now/mid July and Sept. Tel. 286.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. At Kathleen Batten's comfortable hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest you can have the kind of holiday you want. There is freedom, peace, or stimulating talk in the club if you want to join in. Sharpthorne 17.

CORNWALL. Seafront mid-promenade, safe bathing opp. house. Bed & bkfast. £3 10*s*. wk. Steen, 4 Marine Terr., Penzance.

CARDIGAN Bay. Sea & mountains, children welc., wholesome food, 5*gns*. wkly. Furn. holiday flat also avail. Trevor & Mary Jepson, Brackenhurst, Fairbourne, Merioneth.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

MULLION, South Cornwall. Why not spend your holiday at this picturesque Cornish resort and stay at the Mounts Bay Hotel? Every comfort, h. & c. and spring interior mattresses all rooms. Open all the year. Write for brochure. Resident Proprietors: Mr. & Mrs. R. Poynter.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

KINGSDOWN-on-Sea, Nr. Deal, Kent. Blencathra Guest House (R.A.C. Approved), overlkg. golf course, sea; gd. food, own poultry, v. comf. 6/7*gns*. Kingsdown 225.

TINTAGEL/Boscastle, Trethevy Hotel. Beautiful and restful Cornish coastal sit., home farm and ckg., every comfort. Brochure.

COTSWOLD Guest House. Own produce. Spring 3-5*gns*. June 1: 4-6*gns*. Steanbridge, Slad, Nr. Stroud. Tel. Painswick 2312.

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RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3*s*. 6*d*., postage 3*d*. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued from P. 548

FABIAN Summer Schools: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, Surrey, July 31/August 7; Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey, August 14/21. Details from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1

BUDDHIST Summer School August 14-21. Roehampton. London. Lectures and study classes on Buddhism. Write for details, Buddhist Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

INTERNATIONAL House Parties: combine a good holiday in interesting company with foreign language practice. House Party arrangements in Cornwall, near Windsor, Switzerland and Austria from 7*gns.* per week. Erna Low, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

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PERSONAL

CONFERENCES. First-Class accommodation (single rooms) and catering, with ample lecture rooms, etc., available July-September. Apply Warden, The College of Aeronautics, Cranfield, Bletchley, Bucks.

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SIAMESE Kittens. Pedigree seal pointed, house-trnd. 9 wks. old Males 4*gns.*, female 3*gns.* David Garnett, Hilton Hall, Huntingon. Tel. Papworth-St.-Agnes 23.

FRENCH boy, 16, sks. "au pair" from July. Any work, esp. open-air. Write Hartley, 25 Lyndhurst Gdns., N.3.

WRITER'S unusually attractive houseboat, 40ft×10ft; min. headroom 7ft. Studio library, living room, galley, bath; built-in furniture, cupboards; cooking, light by Calor. Dinghy. Moored Surbiton 18 mins. Waterloo. £850. No agents. Details, photo. Write Box 2197, Edgar G. Dunstan & Co., Drayton House, Gordon Street, W.C.1.

MARSEILLES. Transport for 2 rqd. Early Aug. 91 High St., Maldon, Essex.

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1 or 2 would like share exps. with person going by car Austria end July. Box 7290.

PARTY-Rate fare. Travelling companions wanted. London/Munich train. Leave June 26, return London July 13. Box 7376.

YNG. man 26 seeks similar, view working way around world, start July. Box 7430.

EDUCATED Frenchman, 23, seeks situation "au pair" with English family in return French lessons. Box 7433.

COUPLE going Paris early May, one week, wish share with car owner there and back. Box 7454.

AU Pair. Young educ. foreign girls, willing help with children & light housework, pocket money, immed. avail. & summer 3 months. Refs. exchd. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., London, S.W.7.

CHEAPER, more comfortable by car. Weekly trips to French Riviera. Return at your convenience. £15 return. Fothergill, MOU. 5273. 5 Nelson Rd., Finsbury Pk.

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PERSONAL—continued

INDEPENDENT Holidays. Our 1954 programme contains a special section devoted to holidays for people who prefer to go on their own and not with organised parties. Examples are 8 days in Paris with half-pension for £17 15*s.*; 15-day tour Rome, Florence, Venice for £45; 16-day tour to Provence and Riviera, visiting Orange, Avignon, Arles, Menton for £42 10*s.* We also publish special leaflets about independent holidays to Greece and Yugoslavia. Write for full prog. (and special leaflets mentioned if reqd.) to R. A. Services, 48 (P6) Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

SPRING Flowers & Sunshine: enjoy the Spring with one of our parties to Austria (May 14), to Rome and Capri or the Costa Brava (May 29), Bernese Oberland (June 5), or meet an interesting personality at our Week-end Party in Sussex (May 21). Erna Low Travel Service, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

SWISS Hotel Plan. Interlaken, 15 days, 33½*gns.*, Grindelwald, 15 days, 35*gns.*, at first-class hotel, inclusive of rail. Full board and private bathroom. Also special Economy Holidays; Switzerland, Austria, France, Italy, 8 days from 14½*gns.* Booking agents for Express Coach Services to Paris & Riviera. Details from Hotel Plan Travel Bureau, 245 Regent St., W.1. GRO. 8921.

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HOLIDAYS abroad this year? Read a Windows on the World Travel Book before making up your mind. Choose from "By Italian Shores," "Return to Normandy," "Sea-Girt Brittany," "The Emerald Isle" and many others, all by well-known authors. Every book illustrated with 17 full-page plates. Published by Evans and available at all booksellers, 12*s.* 6*d.* each.

A GROUP of young Jewish people are forming a party to visit Israel from September 5-19. They will tour the country with a guide and stay at good hotels. All who are interested in this round tour of Israel should contact Miss Naomi Deganit, 77 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. (MUSeum 3815.) Approximate cost, including air-travel both ways, will be £110.

THE Economics of Land, Labour and Capital. Free Study courses in Political Economy begin at the Henry George School (Westminster and greater London) during week commencing April 26, 7-9 p.m. Write for full particulars and prospectus to Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, S.W.1, or 'phone ABBey 6665.

PARENTS' Problems. Mrs. Beamish, B.A., formerly Head of Formosa School for difficult children, offers sympathetic counselling. Thirty years' experience with young people. MUS. 9672, or write Box 6368.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service programme includes Bulgaria, Austria, Israel, and most countries of Europe. Send S.A.E., 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

SPAIN, Tossa. Barcelona 15 days, small mixed informal unherded party. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, informal unherded small party or independent. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

BREAKFAST in London, supper in Switzerland or Austria. Black Forest or Vienna-Salzburg or Dolomites-Innsbruck or Locarno-Montreux or "freelance" Tyrol. 15 days £29-£39 all-in. By air-train-coach combined. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

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NORWAY by air. 15 days all-inclusive camp holiday, 29*gns.* For details of this and other low-priced holidays write for "Youth Holidays" brochure, I.U.S.Y., 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. (ABB. 6894.)

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PERSONAL—continued

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ITALY in May. We have a few places in our small escorted parties. (1) Air and Coach 14 days May 16. (2) Coach and Train 16 days May 22. Both tours visit Florence, Rome, Sorrento, Capri, etc. Subsequent departures fortnightly. Send for illus. booklet which gives detailed itineraries and also planned independent holidays from £20. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1.

COME walking in the mountains of the Bernese Oberland. Cook's special holidays centred on Kleine Scheidegg include travel, full board accommodation and gratuities. From £24 12*s.* 6*d.* for 10 days, £30 7*s.* 6*d.* for 15 days. Free folder from Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Dept. Z/1/FZ, Berkeley Street, London, W.1 or branches.

THE Federation of Zionist Youth is holding its Summer School this year at Schonthal Hotel, Engleberg, Switzerland. The admirably situated hotel offers a kosher cuisine and all the facilities associated with a Swiss holiday. Costing only £36 inclusive, this is a wonderful opportunity: Please apply to F.Z.Y., 77 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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INSECTS, Germs and Man—commentary on a losing battle and a ray of hope for the enlightened—in an article of the above title in the Winter number of "The Farmer." Also "Hen Batteries—Who is to Blame?"; "The Warning of the Seaweed Fly"; "Ulcers or Energy?" and many more intriguing articles. Edited by Newman Turner, price 2*s.* 6*d.* a quarter, or 10*s.* a year post free, from Ferne Farm (N), Shaftesbury, Dorset.

GOOD books & Socialist material bought. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

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H-BOMBS—can man's ingenuity find no better use for science? In "Atomic Guns—or Atomic Butter?" Cmdr. E. P. Young, R.N. (Ret'd), describes what atomic energy plants could do now for Britain's export trade. Labour Monthly. Order 1*s.* 6*d.* all newsagents. Or 9*s.* half year sub. from N, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

CHIEF Rabbi of Warsaw interviewed. May issue of "New Poland" (out April 26) contains special message from leaders of the Jewish Communities in Poland. Obtainable from your newsagent or direct from New Poland, 81 Portland Place, London, W.1. Price 6*d.* or 7½*d.* by post.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages, Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1*s.* monthly from newsagents, or 13*s.* 6*d.* yrly., including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

ADMINISTRATION of Justice in U.S.S.R. S.C.R Legal Bulletin No. 28. From S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. 1*s.* 6*d.* (post 3*d.*).

READERS of "The New Statesman and Nation" will be interested in the "International Journal of Sexology." This Journal with Editors in 23 countries discusses at a sober, scientific and yet intelligible level the various problems of sex referring to human relations in the field of social, marital and personal life. It is run on non-profit basis. Write for specimen copy (price 6*s.*) and subscription rates to the British Agents: A. Vernon Keith & Co., Dept. IJS, Napier House, 24/7, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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A DEFENCE of Woman's sexuality is ably and wittily set forth in "Adam's Rib," by Josephine Langstaff (Allen & Unwin). "Frank and lively"—Vera Brittain. May we send you a copy? 11*s.* post free. W. J. Bryce, Ltd. (Booksellers), 41 Museum Street, London, W C 1.

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AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47*s.* 6*d.*; Life (Int.), 57*s.* 6*d.*; Popular Mechanics, 32*s.*; Popular Photography 36*s.*; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

MISCELLANEOUS

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ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last 2 days 5.0 & 8.0. “The Enchanted.” Mems. 10*s.* yrly.

IRVING, Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sn. 9.30. Intimate Revue.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391)—“Land of the Living,” by Leonard Irwin, Thurs. to Suns. 7.30.

NEW Lindsey. Bay. 2512. Last Perf. Today 8.0. Juno & The Paycock. Mems.

PAMELA Wedekind, famous German diseuse, Mercury Theatre, W.11. April 29 & May 6, 7.30. Night perfs. same dates 9.30 with Anton Walbrook. Leaflets and tickets from theatre and from Londoner Zeitung, 5 New Quebec St., W.1. AMB. 9400.

“MISS Julie”—Strindberg's outspoken and moving drama of conflicting human passions—and Bernard Shaw's uproarious farce, “Passion, Poison and Petrifaction,” will be performed by The Commonwealth Players at Imperial Institute Theatre, Corner Imperial Inst. Rd., Exhibition Rd. (nearest Tube, South Kensington), Thurs. April 29, 8 p.m. Pres. by Y.P.S., Technion Society of Gt. Britain. Tickets: 3*s.*, 5*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, from Technion House, 39-41 James St., W.1, or E. Bernhard (FIN. 4959), K. Simmonds (BIS. 4934).

KARL Kraus-Abend, 45 Park Lane, W.1. Sunday, May 2, 7.30 p.m. Pamela Wedekind, Martin Miller, Heinrich Fischer. Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* Libris, MAI. 3030.

THE Institute Français, Queensberry Place, S.W.7, presents the Toynbee French Players in one of the greatest successes of André Roussin: “Am-Stram-Gram” (in French) on Wednesday, April 28, at 7.30 p.m. For information, please phone the Secretariate, Ken. 6211.

SALACROU'S “Conclave Extraordinary (L'Archipel Noir).” First prodn. in England: City Literary Institute, Stukeley St., Drury Lane; May 13, 14, 15, 7.30 p.m. In advance: 3*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525 Until May 2: Jean Gabin, Michele Morgan in “La Minute de Verité” (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat. April 24. Michele Morgan, Ralph Richardson in “The Fallen Idol” (A). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLES Palace. Adv. 3520, Sun., Apr. 25. “Pepe Le Moko” (A) France.

LEWISHAM Film Society. Lee 7803. Unitarian Church, next Central Library. Saturday, April 24, 7.45. “Dr. Caligari.”

W. African Arts Club Film Show, May 5, 8 p.m. British Council Theatre, 6 Hanover St., W.1. “Nigerian Goodwill Mission to India,” “Dark London,” “Progress in Kojokrom,” new Gold Coast documentary, “Index to Progress” (Library Assocn.). Adm. by ticket only from Secretary, 19a St. Mark's Crescent, N.W.1 (s.a.e.). Gul. 4298.

FILM Première, “The Great Erkel” (Hungarian, Eng. sub-titles); also Chaplin's “Champion,” “Songs of Israel,” Sun., May 2, 2.45 p.m., National Film Theatre, in aid of Jewish Child Welfare. For tkts. (1 *gn.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*), apply to Hon. Sec., 126 Green Lanes, N.16. (CLI. 4142-2389).

“THE Condemned Village,” provocative, prize-winning German film; supptg. prog. Ilford New Era Film Soc. (VAL. 8406). Ilford Town Hall, 7.30, Sun., April 25.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Dance. Sat., May 1. Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen's Sq., W.C.1. 7.30-11. Adm. 3*s.*

LA Cage! Licensed Club, Cellar Bar open daily from 3 p.m. Dancing to Sacha Barnell, Sats. & Suns. Buffet. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Mem. invited.

ACTION Group Dance at Fulham Town Hall on Friday, April 30, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Orchestras: Ron Somers and Ambrose Campbell. Tickets: Single 4*s.*, Double 7*s.* 6*d.*

HAMPSTEAD Arts Ball. Theme: North-West goes East. Hampstead Town Hall (opp. Belsize Park Tube), Fri., May 7, 8.30-2 a.m. Fancy Dress or Evening Dress. Get-you-home Bus to Chelsea via West End, dep. Town Hall 2 a.m. Ball & Bus tickets obtainable in advance: Catherine Wilmer, 5 Lindhurst Rd., N.W.3.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League. Dance, Saturday, April 24 at Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 4*s.*

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Fri. April 23, 8.15, Jazz Series—“Trumpet in Jazz.” Dickie Hawdan and Mike Butcher. Mems. 1*s.*, guests 1*s.* 6*d.* Also, April 24: Dancing from 8-11 to the Dave De Vere Jazz Group. Mems. 3*s.*, non-mems. 5*s.* Mem. invited.

RECITAL of Hilde Holger School, Modern Ballet. May 1, 7.30. Rudolf Steiner Theatre. The Story of Babar the little elephant. Old Vienna, Rhythm of the East, Tibet, Aztek Cult. Booking only at the school. 27 Oval Rd., Regents Pk., N.W.1. GUL. 6822.

CONCERTS

CHAIKOVSKY: “Queen of Spades.” Full Bolshoi Theatre performance. Tape recording recital, Sun., April 25, 7 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1*s.* (S.C.R. & students 6*d.*)

CONCERTS—continued

ROYAL Festival Hall. Monday, May 3, at 8 p.m. B.B.C. Third Programme presents: Overture, William Tell (Rossini); Piano Concerto in E flat (K.271) (Mozart); Il Prigioniero (First performance in England) (Luigi Dallapiccola); Soloists: Magda Laszlo, Helmut Krebs, Willy Heyer, Dame Myra Hess, B.B.C. Chorus, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Cond.: Hermann Scherchen. Tickets: 12*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, at Hall (WAT. 3191) and usual Agents.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1*s.* post free.

MANET & His Circle. Arts Council Exhibition Tate Gallery. Open till June 7. Weekdays 10-6. (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1*s.* 6*d.*

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Barbara Hepworth Retrospective Exhibition: Carvings and Drawings, 1927-1954. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, S.W.1 (behind Haymarket Theatre). Spring Exhibition, April 3-May 1, 10-5. Closed Sundays. Admission 1*s.*

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Exhibition Victor Pasmore Paintings & Constructions 1944-54. Daily 10.30-6, closed Suns. Members free, non-members 1*s.* 6*d.*

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

HEAL'S New Designs, 1954. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, pottery, carpets, etc., by leading designers. Fourth floor. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

GIMPEL Fils. 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Roger Hilton and recent work by Denis Williams.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings from the Movements of Cubism; Formalism; Abstraction; Sur-realism. Exhibn. closes May 8. Hrs. 10-6, Sats. 10-1 p.m.

HOKUSAI. An exhibition of Drawings and Watercolours. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes May 1. Mons., Weds., Fris. and Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, W.1. New Sculptures by Reg Butler. Until June 4.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. French Paintings and Drawings of the 19th and 20th Century.

“PARIS-LONDRES.” Pictures acquired recently in France, by Renoir, Degas, Monet, Bonnard, Dufy, Rouault, Soutine, etc. 9.30-6, Saturday 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1. Closing May 1.

TATE Gallery. Pleydell-Bouverie Collection of French Impressionist Paintings. Weekdays 10-6. Sunday 2-6. Adm. free.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Drawings and Prints of Poland by Paul Hogarth. April 14-May 5. Mon.-Sat., 11-6.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. At 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. Free. At The Wellcome Research Institution, 183-193 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibition: The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Daily (Sat. & Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BERTRAND Russell on “History as an Art.” Chair: C. V. Wedgwood. Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Tues., May 4, 7.30. Tickets 3*s.* (guaranteeing seats; apps. to be accomp. by remittance & s.a.e.) from Sec., P.E.N., 62 Glebe Place, S.W.3, or at doors.

“RUSSIAN Architecture: Historical Background.” Lecture, B. Lubetkin. Tues., April 27, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.* (S.C.R. & Studs 1*s.*)

“AT a Peking University During the Revolution.” Lecture by Mrs. Nancy Lapwood. Chairman: Prof. Kathleen Lonsdale, F.R.S. 7.30 p.m., April 28, at 45 Russell Sq., W.C.1. Admission 1*s.* Arts & Sciences Committee, Britain-China Friendship Association and People's Books.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lect. Fri. 8.15, April 30. Dr. T. N. Dave: “Mahayana Buddhism and Vedanta.” 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

HUGH Schonfield: “Crisis in Century One.” New Generation Group. Monday, April 26, 8 p.m. Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Rd., Near Hampstead Tube.

SCHOPENHAUER Society. Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thursday, April 29: “The Basis of Ethics.” Admission free.

JUNIOR Discussion Group. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Apr. 23. Mr. M. L. Burnet, “The Colour Bar.” Friday, Apr. 30, Mr. Khanna, “India Today.”

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (Holborn), Thurs., April 29, 7.30: “The Upanishads.”

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNDER the Auspices of the London Society of Jews and Christians. K. C. Benedictus, Canon C. E. Raven and Rev. W. Levine with Canon L. J. Collins in the Chair will speak on “The Jewish and Christian Conceptions of the Relation between God and Man,” on Wednesday, April 28, at 8.15 p.m., at King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney Street, Oxford St., W.1. All are welcome.

RACIAL Unity Univ. Extension Lectures: “Problems of Racial Relations,” by Mr. E. B. Ndem, M.A., 7 p.m., Monday, April 26, “Economics and the Colour Bar.” 32 Tavistock Square. Members free. Sub. 5*s.*

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1., April 25, 8.15. “The Poet in the Theatre”: Patric Dickinson. April 27, 8.15, “The Pattern of Growth,” extracts from scientific films, with comments by Patrick Collard (bacteriologist), Nigel Henderson (photographer) and Eduardo Paolozzi (sculptor). Mems. 2*s.*, guests 3*s.*

POLITICAL and Economic Circle for study of problems of Jewish survival. Advisory Council: Isaiah Berlin, Dr. Eustace Chesser, Professor M. Ginsberg, Samuel Landman, F. Ashe Lincoln, Q.C., Maurice Orbach, M.P., Cecil Roth, Sir Leon Simon, Maurice Simon, Dr. P. Tuttnauer. A free discussion on “Suez Canal and Israel” will be opened by Mr. Tom O'Brien, M.P. (late Chairman T.U.C.) and Mr. Mordecai Gazit, First Secretary Israel Embassy, on Tuesday, April 27, at 8.30 p.m., at Anglo-Israel Club, 44 Great Windmill St., W.1. Adm. free.

“SOVIET Science: Recent Developments.” S.C.R. Symposium. Dr. J. S. D. Bacon (Biochemistry, work in progress); Prof. J. D. Bernal, F.R.S. (Work of Academy of Sciences); Prof. J. C. Whitehead, F.R.S. (Mathematics). Chair.: Prof. K. Lonsdale, F.R.S. Wed., April 28, Chemistry Theatre C 1, University Coll., Gower St. W.C.1, 5.30 p.m. Free.

SOLIDARITY with Colonial Peoples. Hear speakers from India, Cyprus and other countries, together with Harry Pollitt at the St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, April 25, 7 p.m. Tickets 1*s.* from L.D.C.P., 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower Street, W.C.1). Public Lectures at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. Tues., May 4, Professor Pierre Amandry. “Les statues chryséléphantines de Delphes” (in French). Thurs., May 6, Inaugural lecture by Professor Alfred Cobban, “The Myth of the French Revolution.”

“SCIENTIFIC Research Work in Israel.” Dr. Hannah Farkas, Scientific Attache to the Israel Embassy. P.A.T.W.A. members and all interested welcome. 8 p.m. Wednesday, April 28, at the Anglo-Israeli Club, 43, Great Windmill Street, W.1.

DESIGN in Poland. Exhibition of recent Polish posters, ceramics, toys, etc., and lecture by Paul Hogarth, M.S.I.A., 7.45, Fri., April 30. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Adm. free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 1, 6 p.m. Mrs. P. Taussig: “Sterne und Menschen.”

SHAW Society: Dr. Rattray on Shaw-Butler Philosophy; Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., April 26, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 1*s.* 6*d.* Enquiries and “Shavian”: 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

H. J. BLACKHAM: “Is Any Nation Capable of World Leadership Today?” The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., April 25, 6.30 p.m.

MAY Day Rally: For Solidarity of all the World's Workers. Speakers: Joseph Murumbi (Sec., Kenya African Union), a member of the C.N.T. of Spain in Exile, Ken Denson (S.W.F.). Sun., May 2, 7.30 p.m. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. Adm. free. Syndicalist Workers' Fedn.

A TECHNIQUE for Solving Difficulties: May 7-9 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221. (Next week: “Creative Writing” and “Silk Screen Printing.”)

YOGA. Tuesday evenings, 6.30, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Subject for April 27 & May 4: “Meditation in the Far East.” Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Adm. free.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m. April 25. Archibald Robertson, M.A., “World Citizenship.” Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.*

HYDROGEN Bomb: Public Meeting, Friends House, Euston Rd. Wed., Apr. 28, 7.30 (Doors open 7). Prof. C. F. Powell, F.R.S.; Dr. Alex Comfort. Adm. free. Org. by Sci. for Peace & Med. Ass. for Prevention War.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc., Wed., Apr. 28, 7.30. Christopher Mayhew, M.P.: “Race Relations in World Affairs.” St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2*s.*

LITERARY Circle in Hampstead, “Cercle Alfred Jarry.” A preliminary meeting will be held at Rosslyn Hall, Willoughby Rd., N.W.3, Thurs., April 29, 8.15 punctually. All interested in French cultural activities incl. conversation welcome. R.S.V.P. Box 7273.

“AN Indian in the U.S.S.R.”: R. Bakaya describes his 7½ months' stay (partly in sanatoria), Tues., Apr. 27, 55 Aberdare Gdns., N.W.6 8 p.m. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled “Hugo et Baudelaire” will be given by Professor M-J. Durry (Sorbonne) at 5.30 p.m. on May 4 and 6 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.—The lectures will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on “Some Crucial Points in the History of the English Language” will be given by Professor Karl Brunner (Innsbruck) at 5.30 p.m. on April 29 and May 6 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded and may be competed for in May. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

NEWBATTLE Abbey Adult Residential College, Dalkeith, Midlothian, is now open for applications from prospective students for session 1954-55, commencing October 4, 1954. The purpose of the College is to provide a suitable non-vocational education for adults over 18 years of age. It offers courses in English Language and Literature, History, Economics and Economic History, including Trade Union History, Philosophy, Psychology, Government and Political Theory, Human Relations in Industry, and aims to fit students to take their place as good citizens with a knowledge of our free heritage. For further information apply to the Warden, Edwin Muir, C.B.E., LL.D., Ph.D., D. ès L., F.R.S.L., Newbattle Abbey College, Dalkeith.

LANDSCAPE evening classes outdoors from April 28: individual instruction in oil, watercolour, gouache, etc. Apply for particulars to Secretary, Byam Shaw School, Campden Street, Kensington, W.8. (Park 4711.)

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature: Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of the University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 23*gns.*; 21 days, 27*gns.*); covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berth for the night journey, supplement 3rd class, 1½*gns.*; 2nd class, 2½*gns.* Write for leaflet “1954 Summer Courses,” Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee: Summer School of Music at Bridlington, August 6-15, 1954. Staff: Richard Butt, Robert Marchant, Walter Hart. Orchestra, Teachers' Course, Choral Singing, Chamber Music, Conducting. Inclusive Fee: £5 15*s.* Further details and enrolment forms may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley, E. Yorks.

SUMMER SCHOOLS cont. on page 547

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 545, 546, 547

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